The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* October *will be noticed in the* November *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th November, *in the* December *number.*

NEW VOLUME OF THE BOOKMAN.

The present number commences a new volume, printed on a new paper, with the view of enabling us to give more illustrations and to produce them more effectively. It contains the first of a series of papers on

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF LONDON.

By W. Robertson Nicoll.

The Series will be copiously illustrated from new photographs. In this number is also commenced a series of

Articles Specially Addressed to Young Authors.

NEWS NOTES.

The 'Letters of Sir Walter Scott,' edited by Mr. David Douglas, will be published about the middle of November. The work—perhaps the most important of the coming season—will be in two volumes, each containing about 450 pp. The letters are confined solely to those written to Scott's family and intimate friends—Morritt, Richardson, Stewart Rose, Miss Smith, Joanna Baillie, Lady Abercorn, and others, and range from 1797 until the end of 1825, when the 'Journal' begins. They are nearly all unpublished, and of great and peculiar interest. There are letters both to and from Joanna Baillie, which are, we understand, among the best of the whole.

The announcements for the autumn publishing season are fairly satisfactory. We have not many writers of genius, and such as we have are for the most part silent. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Quiller Couch will be represented by volumes of reprints. Mr. Barrie, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Kipling are silent meanwhile, and we do not see the names of many new writers, but it must be remembered that literature is full of surprises, and that as a rule the most real and durable power is not easily recognised at first; besides, the lists published at present do not by any means contain the names of all the books that will appear this winter. We are glad to learn that there is no appreciable reduction in the demand for books.

Miss Olive Schreiner has arranged to return to South Africa in the early days of next month. She leaves a volume of short stories, which will be issued here and in America towards the end of October. It will probably be entitled 'The Woman's Rose.'

Mr. Andrew Lang has lately been the guest of Lord Napier and Ettrick, at Thirlestane, near Mr. Lang's native town of Selkirk.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has lately been suffering very much from rheumatism, which has considerably interfered with her work on her new book.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is making good progress with his new novel, to which he is devoting his whole energy. The opening part of the new novel will be largely concerned with the life and talk of children.

We understand that the Committee of the Athenæum Club are likely to elect Mr. Bancroft under the special rule. The blackballing of the distinguished actor aroused considerable feeling, and probably such a step would be agreeable to the members of the Club generally.

One of the most important though least obtrusive among the announcements of new books is Verses by Christina G. Rossetti. It will be published by the S.P.C.K. With one solitary exception it is simply a revised reprint of verses which form part of 'Called to be Saints,' 'Time Flies,' and 'The Face of the Deep.' The one exception is a very short piece for Good Friday morning, which has hitherto only appeared in an Indian magazine. The verses are, of course, divested of their prose accompaniment.

Mr. Maarten Maartens is residing at the Chateau de Sully, Vevey, where he will remain for the winter. It is half way between Vevey and Clarens, on the height. The view is reputed the finest on the lake. Mr. Maartens has in hand a new serial for *Temple Bar*, and he has been requested to write another for one of the leading illustrated papers.

We hardly need to apologise to the readers of The Bookman for calling their attention to the announcement of Mr. F. Espinasse's literary recollections; the groundwork of most of the chapters they are familiar with, these papers having formed one of the most interesting features of The Bookman from the beginning, but Mr. Espinasse has revised it greatly. Notwithstanding even this, he has added much matter that is new. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that no book of literary reminiscences is more useful for the student of the Victorian period, not even excepting Mr. Edmund Yates' admirable and accurate work. Mr. Espinasse was more than forty years ago the leading light of the *Critic*, Mr. Sergeant Cox's literary

journal, to which he contributed under many pseudonyms, "Herodotus Smith," "Frank Grave," and the like. At one time the *Critic* was conducted with much spirit, but on Mr. Espinasse's departure for Manchester it greatly deteriorated. It revived somewhat on his return, after an interval of years, but the decline had gone too far to be successfully checked, and the journal at last expired. Mr. Espinasse gives some reminiscences of its history and its contributors, but undoubtedly the most important part of the book is that devoted to the Carlyles, with both of whom Mr. Espinasse was on terms of intimate friendship. One graphic and friendly pen portrait of Mr. Espinasse by Thomas Carlyle will be found in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's book.

Miss Jane Barlow, author of 'Irish Idylls,' has written a fairy tale in verse; it will be brought out profusely illustrated as a Christmas book. The new edition of her 'Bogland Studies' will be published immediately, and will contain some new work, which is at least on a level with the best of the old.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, will issue this autumn the 'Letters of Asa Gray,' edited by Jane Loring Gray. The work will consist of two volumes, with portraits and other illustrations. The letters now collected are highly valuable for the range and interest of their subjects, and attractive by virtue of their charming style and the very engaging personality they reveal. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish the book in this country.

Dr. Doyle's 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' conclude, we hear, in the forthcoming Christmas number of the *Strand Magazine*, and Dr. Doyle does not anticipate writing any more stories of a detective nature.

Many will be surprised to hear that Zola was ignorant of the fact until he came to England that Mr. Vizetelly had been heavily fined and imprisoned for publishing translations of his works. Under these circumstances it is but natural he should express wonder at his reception here. We fine and imprison a man who produces translations of his works, but we crowd in thousands to see him and overwhelm him with hospitality when he visits our country. Is it curiosity or admiration?

At Sir Edward Lawson's beautiful place at Taplow some sixty people sat down to lunch last Sunday with Emile Zola. Electric launches were at the disposal of the company, and the celebrated French writer expressed himself charmed with the autumnal beauties of the Thames. Sir Edwin Arnold was one of the many celebrated journalists present.

Zola is amazed to find so many English journalists who speak his native tongue grammatically and fluently. He deplores that such a state of things does not exist in France, and says that to his knowledge there are but four French journalists of the present day who have a thorough knowledge of the English language.

Mr. R. H. Sherard is engaged in writing Zola's biography, which will be published, probably during the ensuing season, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, not Chapman and Hall, as has been stated.

We understand that the proprietors of the *Manchester Guardian* are to start a new weekly illustrated paper at the new year, in which fiction will be a prominent feature.

Mr. Quiller Couch's new volume of short stories, 'The Delectable Duchy,' will, we understand, be published in America by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. Mr. Quiller Couch formerly always published in America with the Cassell Publishing Company.

Amongst the devotees to the "cure" at Buxton this summer was Mrs. J. R. Green, who has greatly benefited by her visit there, and is now staying in Northumberland.

Whatever other result Mr. Walter Besant's American trip may have had, it does not seem to have proved very beneficial to his health. Since his return he has found it necessary to make a somewhat prolonged stay at Buxton, and, we believe, has not yet returned home.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just completed a new poem of about a hundred and fifty lines, to which he has given the title of 'The Three Sealers.' Lovers of Mr. Kipling's poems will look forward to its appearance with considerable interest, as the author has been at work upon it on and off for about fifteen months.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford is writing a series of short stories for the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

We understand that the very amusing notice of the new volume of Mr. Miles's 'Poets and Poetry' in the *Literary World* was by Mr. Norman Gale. That in the *Athenæum* was of course by Mr. Theodore Watts, and there were some sentences in it which English critics might well lay to heart. They pointed out the need of urbanity and generosity among fellow craftsmen.

Mr. Andrew Lang's new fairy story will be entitled 'Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia, being the Adventures of Prince Prigio's Son.' The story, as conveyed by the title, is a continuation of Mr. Lang's 'Prince Prigio,' published some two years ago. It will be fully illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne, and published by Mr. W. J. Arrowsmith, of Bristol.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue Mrs. Besant's Autobiography, with twelve illustrations, and he will publish 'The Wit and Wisdom of the late James Runciman,' with a memoir by Grant Allen and an introduction by W. T. Stead. We are promised a series of complete papers on subjects never issued before in book form. We hope that some of Mr. Runciman's articles in the *Hawk* signed 'John o' Dreams' will be included. They contain some delightful reminiscences of the author's early friendship with Robert Louis Stevenson.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly issue, under the title of 'The Making of a Novelist,' the series of papers which Mr. Christie Murray recently contributed to the *St. James's Gazette*.

We understand that Mr. William Le Queux, of the *Globe*, the author of that clever book 'Strange Tales of a Nihilist,' has accepted the editorship of *Piccadilly*. This seems to dispose of the story that the same paper has been undertaken by the Rev. H. R. Haweis.

Miss Rosalind Masson, daughter of Professor Masson, of Edinburgh, has written a little volume entitled 'My Poor Niece, and other Stories,' which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

We learn with much pleasure that Messrs. Bell and Sons have undertaken the production of a new edition of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' It will be similar to their admirable reissue of 'Pepys' Diary,' a reissue faultless in every respect but one. It is not complete, and therefore not final.

In view of the recent welcome accorded to M. Zola in England, it is interesting to recall the ignorance which was displayed about no less eminent a poet than Tennyson by a famous French artist, Gustave Doré, who when asked to illustrate 'The Idylls of the King,' inquired naively, "Qui est, donc, ce Monsieur Tennyson?"

Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose book, 'The Stickit Minister,' is now in the third edition, is engaged on an adventure story, in which he is doing his best to put in form the numberless wonderful traditions of Galloway in the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Crockett, by the way, is a minister of the Free Church, and preached the other Sunday in Free St. George's, Edinburgh, the leading church of the denomination, on the Gospel in Richard Jefferies.

The author of 'A High Little World,' a three-volume story published anonymously some time ago by Messrs. Bentley, which attracted the warm admiration of some very competent judges, has completed another three-volume story, in which she deals with religious problems under the pen name of Deas Cromarty. The same writer published a clever little volume of Scottish Ecclesiastical Miniatures. She is the wife of a Scottish clergyman, the Rev. Dr. R. A. Watson, of Dundee.

A racy book of cricketing sketches is to come out next spring. The author is Mr. E. B. V. Christian, and the greater part of them have appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* anonymously. They attracted attention, and there was some speculation as to the authorship.

The Cassell Publishing Company in America is, we understand, to be reconstructed, and we have it on the best authority that they will pay fifty per cent. of their debts at the date when the receiver was appointed, a new company taking over the business and continuing to pay royalties in full thereafter.

Mr. Heinemann has, we hear, resigned his position as director in Messrs. Heinemann and Balestier.

Mr. Guy Boothby, who, our readers will remember, recently made a journey across Australia such as had not been done before, has just completed an account of his travels, which will shortly be published in book form, with numerous illustrations from photographs taken by the author. Besides reading papers before the British Association, Mr. Boothby will probably inaugurate a series of lectures under the auspices of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The Royal Geographical Society of Liverpool have also, we hear, asked him to lecture in their city.

Messrs. Longmans are to publish, in parts, a reply to Archdeacon Farrar on Ritualism by Canon Knox Little. The first part will appear immediately.

'The Life and Times of the Right Hon. William Henry Smith, M.P.,' by Sir Herbert Maxwell, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood in October.

Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. will shortly publish a volume of short stories by M. E. Francis, entitled 'In a North Country Village'; also, in the winter, a novel by the same author, descriptive of Irish peasant life.

Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Son will publish next month a little manual entitled 'An Astronomical Glossary,' which has been prepared by Mr. J. Ellard Gore, F.R.A.S. Besides a dictionary of terms used in astronomy, the book will contain tables of data, and lists of remarkable and interesting celestial objects.

The portrait of Mr. W. B. Yeats in our present number is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, that of Mr. William Wallace from one by Mr. Lafayette, of Glasgow, those of the Hampstead literary homes by Madame Hélène, of Hampstead.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden will publish some time next year, probably as *Beeton's Annual*, a new novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

We hear that 'The Ebb-Tide,' the story recently finished by Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, has been purchased by the proprietors of a new weekly, to be edited by a well-known humourist. It is proposed to bring out the new paper soon, and we believe that it is in contemplation to make the price twopence. If this can be done successfully, it will mark something like a new era in journalism.

The Midland Educational Company, Limited, Birmingham, encouraged by the success of 'Historic Warwickshire,' will, on its completion, issue 'Historic Worcestershire' in monthly parts. The editor will be Mr. Salt Brassington, F.S.A.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. have, we understand, purchased the book rights of Mr. Gilbert Parker's story, 'The Translation of a Savage,' which originally appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton has recently completed a new story entitled 'The Adventures of Viscount Anerly.' It will first appear as a serial in the *People*.

No. 1, Harewood Place, Hanover Square, has for so many years been the residence of Sir James Paget, that by his removal to Park Square, W., the traditions of that locality have been quite seriously disturbed.

Apropos of the course of editors and contributors, we have before us a manuscript of a story sent in the other day for a popular magazine. It was originally type-written; it has been folded and refolded till it is almost broken to pieces; the last page, indeed, has several tears, and bears various inscriptions, one being "no copy kept," with the word "no" struck out. From long handling it has become indescribably dirty, the pages, indeed, being black rather than white. Yet the writer, who is a lady, and whose relatives at least are well known in literature, continues to send

about this unfortunate manuscript with a stamp for return, and doubtless, if the present possessor is good-natured enough to send it back, it will pursue its course, till it literally drops to pieces. The length of the whole is 1,580 words. If contributors of the class to which this writer belongs have no regard for editors, they might have some for themselves. It would be profitable for them to reflect that filthy and travelled manuscripts stand a very poor chance of being accepted.

We have received from a London publisher the following letter, and we guarantee its exact reproduction. It throws an instructive light on the debates between Editors and Contributors :—

DEAR SIR,—As I am in great need of money I have sent you part of a story I have written. I have never been taught to earn my own living, so writing is the only thing I can do.

I should be thankful if you would tell me if the accompaning (*sic*) story is worth concluding. I enclose stamps for return of same.

Yours sincerely,

M—— G——

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.—Hans Andersen's Stories and Fairy Tales. An Entirely New Translation by H. Oskar Sommer, Ph.D. Illustrated with over One Hundred Pictures and newly designed Initial Letters by A. J. Gaskin. 2 vols., 6s. each, sold separately, large paper, copy, 2 guineas.

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS, AND FOSTER.—A Life Awry, a novel in three volumes. By Percival Pickering. Dr. Grey's Patient, a novel in three volumes. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. In the Modern Library. 2 volumes. Vol. I., A Latter Day Romance. By Mrs. Murray Hickson. Vol. II., The World's Pleasures. By Clara Savile Clarke.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.—A uniform edition of "Q's" books, including Dead Man's Rock, The Splendid Spur, The Blue Pavilions, The Astonishing History of Troy Town, I Saw Three Ships, and Noughts and Crosses, will be issued. Cassell's Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland, being a complete Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom. To be published in monthly parts. The work will contain numerous illustrations, and will be furnished with sixty maps in colours. The Quickening of Caliban, a Modern Story of Evolution. By J. Compton Rickett. The Iron Pirate. By Mr. Mox Pemberton. The new volume of Chums will contain two new serial stories entitled 'Twixt Earth and Ocean, by Standish O'Grady, and Under the Shadow of Night, by D. H. Parry, and Interviews with Lord Charles Beresford, Captain Boyton, George Manville Fenn, Herbert Ward, and W. H. Grenfell.

MESSRS. GAY AND BIRD.—Paving the Way: A Romance of the Australian Bush. The author is Mr. Simpson Newland, an ex-Treasurer of South Australia, and one of the most eminent "Old Identities" of that Colony. The volume is founded on events of stirring interest during the Pioneer days which actually occurred within the knowledge of the writer. Wiggin, Mrs.: Polly Oliver's Problem. Illustrated. "A Book for Girls." The Birds' Christmas Carol. Illustrated. Popular edition. The Story of Patsy Illustrated. Popular edition. Summer in a Cañon. Illustrated. New edition. The Story Hour. Illustrated. New edition. Repplier, Agnes, Author of 'Points of View' and 'Essays in Miniature': Essays in Idleness. Books and Men. Bacon, Alice, Author of 'Japanese Girls and Women': A Japanese Interior. Clement, Clara Erskine: The Queen of the Adriatic—Venice Past and Present. Illustrated. Lyon, Gilbert M. F.: For Good or Evil. 2 vols. Cole, Mellin: By Ross. New edition. Mitchell: The Last American, Illustrated. Life's Fairy Tales. Illustrated. Lees, G. Robinson: Jerusalem Illustrated. With Introduction by Bishop Blyth of Jerusalem Underwood, F. H.: The Builders of American Literature. Biographical Sketches of American Authors born previous to 1826. 1st series. Howard, Cecil: Dramatic Notes, 1892. Mother Goose, a Handsome Christmas Book with Coloured Illustrations. Charlton, John: Twelve Packs of Hounds. New and cheaper edition. Coloured Illustrations. Caprices. By Theodore Wrattislaw. Edition limited to 100 copies, and 25 on Japanese vellum.

MESSRS. HENRY AND CO.—A Bundle of Life. By John Oliver Hobbes. The Kindness of the Celestial. By Barry Pain. The Mahatma's Pupil. By Richard Marsh Declined with Thanks. By Ernest Mulliner. Phil Hathaway's Failures. By George Halse. 3 vols. Illusion. By Louis Couperus. In the Green Park. By F. Norreys Connell. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. The Pentamerone, or the Tale of Tales. Translated from the Neapolitan by the late Sir Richard Burton. The History of the Violin. By Horace Petherick, President of the Cremona Society. With plates of the most famous instruments. The Functions of Government. By G. P. Macdonell. Alan's Wife: a Dramatic Study in three scenes, with an introduction by William Archer. The Gentlewoman's Book of Dress. By Mrs. Douglas.

MESSRS. ISBISTER.—The Son of Man among the Sons of Men. Studies of the Influence of Christ on Character. By the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon. In the High Heavens. By Sir Robert S. Ball, LL.D. Socialism. By Professor Flint, D.D., LL.D. Fragments in Baskets. A Book of Allegories. By Mrs. Boyd Carpenter. Our English Minsters. With numerous Illustrations by Herbert Railton and others. Contents—Westminster Abbey. By Archdeacon Farrar, D.D. Durham Cathedral. By Canon Talbot, M.A. Wel's Cathedral. By S. M. S. Pereira. Lincoln Cathedral. By Precentor Venables, M.A. Winchester Cathedral. By Canon Benham, B.D. Gloucester Cathedral. By Dean Spence, D.D.—In the Footsteps of the Poets. Biographical, Critical, and Topographical Studies. With 100 Illustrations. Contents—Milton. By Professor D. Masson, LL.D. Herbert. By John Brown, D.D. Mrs. Browning. By the Bishop of Ripon. Tennyson. By William Canton. Thomson. By Hugh Haliburton. Scott. By John Dennis. Robert Browning. By R. H. Hutton.

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The systematic collection of Autographs appears to have attracted an increased amount of attention in recent years, with the result that throughout the last few seasons Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge have devoted several sales to Letters and Manuscripts exclusively. During 1892-3 there have been five or six such sales, from the catalogues of which the following items have been selected.

Addison (Rt. Hon. Joseph) A. L. s. 4to, Aug. 4, 1714, to Duke of Ormonde, on official matters, scarce. £3.

Baillie (Joanna) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to, Hampstead, Nov. 24, 1822, to Robert Southey, thanking him for sending her the 'Cataract of Lodore,' for her collection. £1 6s.

Blake (William) A. L. s. 2½ pp. 4to, Lambeth, July 2, 1800, to George Cumberland. £5.
[I have to congratulate you on your plan for a National Gallery being put into execution. All your wishes shall in due time be fulfilled; the immense flood of Grecian light and glory which is coming on Europe will more than realise our warmest wishes. . . . I begin to emerge from a deep pit of melancholy, melancholy without any real reason, a disease which God keep you from. Our artists of all ranks praise your outlines and wish for more; Flaxman is very warm in your commendation. Mr. Hayley has lately mentioned your work on outline in notes to an Essay on Sculpture. . . . Poor Fuseli, sore from the lash of envious tongues, praises you and dispraises with the same breath. . . . I am still employed in making designs and little pictures, with now and then an engraving, and find that in future to live will not be so difficult as it has been. . . etc., etc.]

Blake (William) A. L. s. to G. Cumberland, dated Fountain Court, April 12, 1827, 2 pp. 4to. A most interesting Letter written in his last illness; accompanying it was Mr. Cumberland's card, mentioned in the letter. Mr. Cumberland had written the following note on the blank sheet of the letter: "My little Message card was the last thing he executed and he dated it thus 'W. Blake, inv. and sc., Æ. 70, 1827,' the widow charged me £3 3s. for it and £3 3s. for the 'Job.'" £5 5s.
[I have been very near the Gates of Death, and have returned very weak, and an old man feeble and tottering, but not in spirits and life, not in the real man, the imagination which liveth for ever. In that I am stronger and stronger as this foolish body decays. I thank you for the pains you have taken with poor Job. I know too well that a great majority of Englishmen are fond of the indefinite, which they measure by Newton's Doctrine of the Fluxions of an Atom. A thing that does not exist. . . . I am now painting a set of the Songs.]

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett) A. L. s 8 pp. 12mo, (initials), January 30th, 1844, to R. H. Horne. £4 15s.
[I think from a far remembrance that Mrs. Norton's first poem was called 'The Undying One.' Her chief poem, that is, the principal one in her last volume, is 'The Dream.' Have you read these? to be of opinion still, as said the Quarterly, that she is a modification of Byron? The only poems which could have suggested such a likeness are the personal ones, I fancy, and they, with some intensity and much pathos, are very unlike Byron. Do you, too, call Byron vindictive? I do not. If he turned upon the dark, it was by the instinct of passion, not by the theory of vengeance, I believe and am assured. Poor, poor Lord Byron! How would I lay the Sun and Moon against a tennis-ball that he had more tenderness in one section of his heart than Mrs. Norton has in all her's—though a tenderness misunderstood and crushed, ignorantly, profanely and solely by false friends and a pattern wife. His blood is on our heads, on us in England—even as Napoleon's is. Two stains of the sort have we in one century—and what will wash them out?]

Browning (Mrs. Elizabeth) A. L. s. "E. B. Barrett," 3pp. 4to. "Sidmouth, April 13th, 1833," to Mrs. Boyd, of Bath. A confidential letter and a very beautiful example, most unusual, too, as being in 4to size. £7.

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"Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the griet
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief."

£10.

Burns (Robert) A. L. s. Sylvander to Clarinda, his eleventh letter, dated Saturday morning (12th Jan., 1788), 2 pp. 4to. "Your thoughts on Religion, Clarinda, shall be welcome. You may, perhaps, distrust me when I say 'tis also my favourite topic; but mine is the religion of the bosom." £14.

Burns (Robert) A. L. s. Clarinda to Sylvander, dated Sunday, 8 Ev., Jan. 27, 1788, 6 pp. 4to. "If you'd caress the 'mental intelligence,' as much as you do the corporeal frame, indeed, Sylvander, you'd make me a Philosopher." From the Gibson-Craig Collection. £8 8s.

Burns (Robert) A. L. s. "Burns" to Cunningham, dated March 3 to March 22 (1794), 6 pp., 4to, fine specimen. The well-known published letter beginning "Since I wrote you the last lugubrious sheet," and containing song "Wilt thou be my Dearie," and description of his "Arms." From the Gibson Craig-Collection. £27.

Burns (Robert) A. L. s. "Robert Burns," 2 pp. 4to, to Mr. Rob. Ainslie, Edinburgh, dated Mauchline, May 26, 1778, most interesting letter, containing his avowal of his marriage with Jean Armour. £11.

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Carlyle (Thomas) A. L. s. 3½ pp. 4to, 15th Sept., 1820, to Dr. Allen. Most interesting letter, written when quite a young man, on literary and other matters. £2 5s.

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"Through floods and flames to your retreat
I win my desp'rate way,
And when we meet, if e'er we meet,
Will echo your Huzza!"

Cruikshank (George) A. L. s. 1 p. 4to, to Mr. Ollier. He returns proof (G) a characteristic letter in which he gives the G in the musical clef. 7s.

Darwin (Charles) A. L. s. "C. Darwin," 7 pp. 4to, Down, Farnborough, Kent, Sept. 29th, post-mark 1849, addressed to "Albany Hancock, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne." £2 10s.
[You cannot imagine how I shall enjoy seeing in actual specimens a new form of cissipede; for I am wearied out with examining scores and scores of closely-allied common cissipedes.]

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Emerson (Ralph Waldo) A. L. s. to Thomas Carlyle, dated Concord, 21st April, 1840, 8pp. 4to, half treating of publisher's accounts and half of chat. He criticises 'Chartism.' £4 4s.
[We seemed to have a right to an answer less concise to a question so grave and humane, and put with energy and eloquence. I mean that whatever probabilities or possibilities of solution occurred should have been opened to us in some detail. But you will one day, when the fact itself is riper, write the second lesson.]

POETRY.

AT YORK.

In the cool of the quaint museum
I linger awhile, to dream
Of the stately mausoleum
That stood by the side of the stream;
Set up again here, to moulder
Among shards and broken stones,
With its show, for the chance beholder,
Of a Roman lady's bones.

Fair was the Roman maiden;
Proud was the Roman wife:
With homage her days were laden:
Her lord was strong in the strife:
Thro' the land they rode victorious;
Their word was a voice of doom:
Her golden house was glorious,
And rich was her carven tomb.

She lay in it, cold and queenly,
And the crown for her haughty head,
As they left her at rest serenely,
In her painless, passionless bed,
The crown was her own rich tresses,
Twisted and plaited in coils,
Locks which no hand caresses,
Of the gold no spoiler spoils.

The lady rested. She stirred not
When the power of Rome went down;
Feared not and saw not and heard not
In the shriek of the sack of the town,
When lives and loves without number
Followed her into the gloom,
And the shattered place of her slumber
Was a tomb that buried her tomb.

Midnight was hers, when morning
Blazed where the fane arose
For the faith of her fathers' scorning
At the hand of her fathers' foes;
Silence when, miles above her,
The angels paused for the chimes;
Nor anger nor hate shall move her,
Nor any change of the times.

To her shrine no thunder crashes,
No sunbeam brightens the walls,
Where to peaceful dust and ashes
The bloom of her beauty falls:
She is gone—but her vault possesses
One still unvanquished charm,
The marvellous crown of her tresses
Not death's own hand can harm.

* * * * * *

We have pillaged the mausoleum,
We have burst her coffin of lead,
And our body-snatching museum
Exhibits the bones of the dead,
For churls to chuckle and swear at,
To quicken the pulses dull
Of cockneys, crowding to stare at
The skeleton woman's skull.

Her skull? the skull is a trifle
To the bountiful prize which blessed
The ghouls, who had hearts to rifle
The shrine of a lady's rest;
Look where the wealth of her locks is,
Or you lose the best of the show;
Upstairs her scalp in a box is:
Her skull in the coffin below.

Alas, for her calm sojourning
Where they laid her, ages ago,
Unmoved by a mother's mourning,
Unthrilled by a husband's woe.
Could we not leave her in quiet?
Not lure to the town, without her,
Some drunken excursion's riot?
Without her, awhile, we were.

Ah, ladies of England, shining
As queens in the subject lands,
Round beautiful foreheads twining
Bright hair with delicate hands,
If ye sicken there, and they give you
A grave on the alien shore,
And alone with the stranger leave you,
And the realm wax more and more,

Think that the dusky races
At last may disturb your bier,
That a herd of the negro faces
May stare like the cockneys here,
That you may yet be a show for them,
And laughter and pity move,
Your bones in a coffin below for them,
Your scalp in a box above.

We are savages still, we spare not
Beauty nor solemn death:
It is well with the dead: they care not;
But ours is the scorn and the scathe
Who leave not their dust to moulder
In the calm that nature owns,
Whose show, for the chance beholder,
Is a woman's hair and her bones.

G. A. Chadwick.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. C. F. KEARY.

It is only as a novelist that Mr. Keary can be classed among the new writers, for he has written much, and has a distinguished record in various departments of research.

Mr. Keary is a nephew of Annie Keary, the novelist, authoress of 'Castle Daly' and other delightful tales. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and spent fifteen years in the Antiquities Department of the British

Museum. He is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. While in the British Museum he wrote on various subjects remote from fiction. Besides records of investigations on coins, undertaken for the Department, he wrote a work on 'The Coins of Early Christian Europe,' which was published by Trübner in 1879. A treatise on prehistoric study, 'The Dawn of History,' published by Smith and Innes in 1878, reached a second edition in 1888. 'Outlines of Primitive Belief,' a work on comparative mythology, issued by Messrs. Longmans in 1882, has appeared also in America.

After retiring from the British Museum, Mr. Keary became a contributor to lighter literature, and under the pseudonym of H. Ogram Matuce, in 1888 he published 'The Wanderer' (Kegan Paul), which was made up of travel-pictures and the experiences of a half-imaginary person. A more recent book of travels is his 'Norway and the Norwegians' (Percival and Rivington), the most interesting and reliable account of the people and the country that exists in England. His interest and research in antiquarian subjects, however, still continued, and in 1891 appeared his account of 'The Vikings in Western Europe' (Fisher Unwin). At the time of his leaving the Museum he was engaged upon an official catalogue of the Anglo-Saxon and English coins in the National Collection. The first volume was published in 1887, and the second, written in collaboration with Mr. Grueber, the Assistant Keeper of Coins, is just about to appear.

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE.

Mr. Keary has written novels up to the present time. 'A Mariage de Convenance,' two volumes, 1892, third edition in Unwin's Novel Series, 1893, is written in the form of letters, and is distinguished by real power and individuality. Some of Mr. Keary's admirers are of opinion that the promise of the earlier novel is hardly fulfilled in his new one, 'The Two Lancrofts' (Osgood), which they think is made too much a vehicle for the conveyance of artistic theories. Nevertheless, it is a story that stands out with honourable distinction among the fiction of the year.

Mr. Keary has also been a diligent contributor to periodical literature, to the *Contemporary*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Mind*, *Macmillan*, the *National Review*, *Saturday Review*, *Athenæum*, and *St. James's Gazette*. A short story, called 'The Four Students,' appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in December, 1891.

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE.

The author of 'Scotland Yesterday,' a series of notable sketches of social life in the north, which will make its appearance about the same time as this notice, is one of the best known of Scottish journalists. He was born in the "forties" at Culross, once a segment of Fifeshire, but now in Perthshire, a quaint and picturesque burgh on the banks of the Firth praised by Cobbett, within a few miles of Queensferry on one side and Alloa on another. In St. Serfs-by-the-Sea, which figures in 'Scotland Yesterday,' many features of Culross may be discerned. It is chiefly noted for its old Abbey, which is believed to have been the home of the Culdees. Once it was the headquarters of the old manufactures: "Culross girdles" are mentioned in Scott's 'Heart of Midlothian.'

Mr. Wallace was the youngest of a family of four brothers, only two of whom are left, the journalist, and Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P. for East Edinburgh. He served some time as a pupil teacher, but aiming at a literary career, he went to Aberdeen, attended the Grammar School there for a few weeks, and entered the University, where he gained distinction in classics, English literature, and mental science. On taking his degree, he was appointed classical master in Ayr Academy, but after two years of teaching he obtained his first journalistic appointment on the staff of the Edinburgh *Courant*. While still at college he had done some reviewing for the *Aberdeen Herald*. In 1868 Mr. Wallace was called to conduct the *Dumfries Herald*, once edited by George Gilfillan's old friend, Thomas Aird. By this time he was an occasional contributor to *Fraser* (under Froude and Allingham), the *Westminster*, and *Chambers'*. When he left Dumfries, it was to join the staff of the *Echo*. During his London literary life he wrote for various journals, among others the *Spectator*, *Academy*, and the *Economist*, as well as for the *Contemporary* and *New Quarterly*. About five years ago he became assistant editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, having already been its London leader-writer for some time. Mr. Wallace has been a contributor to the new edition of Chambers' 'Encyclopædia,' among his articles being those on Carlyle, Macaulay, Thiers, and Guizot.

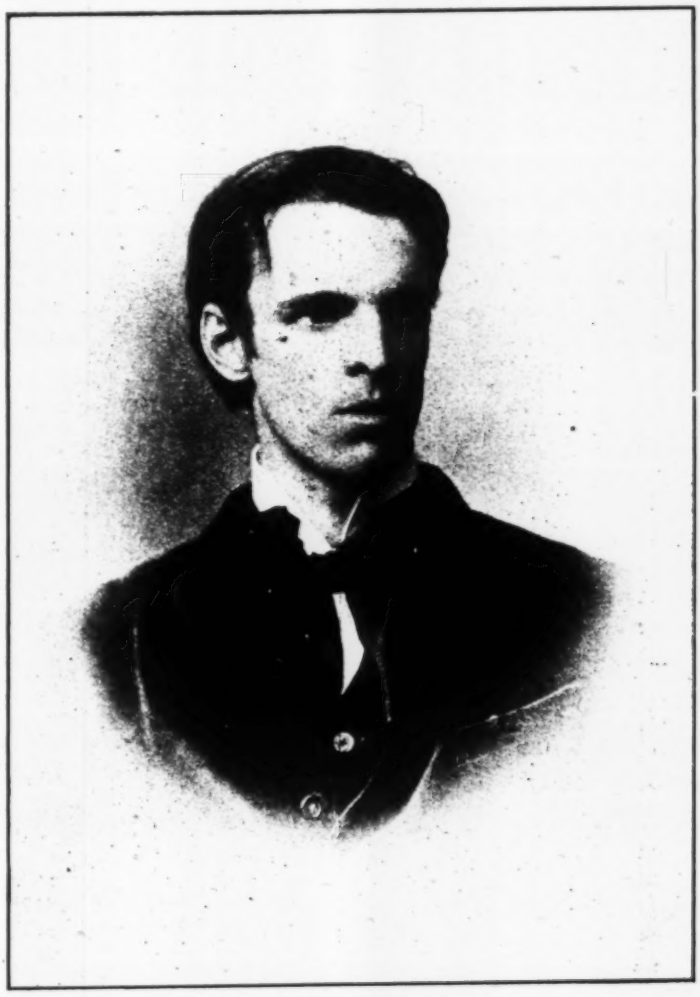
As a literary critic Mr. Wallace has often given clear evidence of the independence of his judgment and of his insight. He was one of the first in London to sound the

praises of Mr. Barrie's 'Auld Licht Idylls,' one of his criticisms on the subject being attributed to Mrs. Oliphant. Previously he had been a sturdy defender, in the press, of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.' He is an ardent student of Burns, and an expert in Burns literature. A few years ago he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple, but he has never practised.

THE READER.

W. B. YEATS.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS was born at his grandfather's residence, Sandymount Castle, near Dublin, June 13th, 1865. His father is an artist, who, for love of art, gave up at thirty an honourable career at the Irish Bar, and devoted himself to painting. His mother is a member of a Cornish family long settled in Ireland, the Pollexfens of Sligo, who, with many other mercantile enterprises, are partners in a shipping company. Many of Mrs. Yeats's folk are sailors; all are more or less connected with the sea. In Sligo much of W. B. Yeats's childhood and boyhood were spent. The place and the people were of happy influence. Sligo is a lovely country, with hills and rivers and inland lakes as well as the sea, and every inch of it storied The boy was made free, by virtue of his family, of the friendships of the seafaring folk as well as that of the peasants. Your Irish peasant is a most difficult person to exploit. If you go with a note-book for folk tales, you are as like as not to return with it empty. But a wide-eyed boy, sitting on a creepie-stool by the black chimney-place, or among a pile of nets on the quay, he was free of the reminiscences and superstitions and faiths of old people as unsophisticated as himself—and the more for the sake of his grandfather, or his grand-uncle, or some other of an honorable line who had been benefactor to the *raconteur*. Down there in the lovely country of clouds and sunshine he learnt that feeling for the supernatural and the earth-born to which his work owes much.



MR. W. B. YEATS.

For a little while he was at an English school at Hammersmith—not for long, fortunately. When he was about thirteen, his father came to Dublin, and they lived at Howth, a great rock in the sea, of extraordinary beauty and wildness. There, too, were the fisher-folk, who, taking their life in their hands every day they put out from the unreliable harbour, are learned in the border land between life and death, and the things seen and done therein. Those wild cliffs where the steady-headed walks midway between the gulls and the high sandy level, on a path fit for the goat or the mountain sheep, have often caves at their base, below those shining walls of rock, slippery as glass, that make you shiver to look down their wet surface. You must be sure-footed to skirt them and find your way to the caves; and the gulls are seldom disturbed. But there is at least one cave, yclept McCrum's, which W. B. Yeats used to haunt in boyhood.

He went to school, to the High School in Harcourt Street, Dublin. While there he was remarkable for his absent-mindedness, his strange sing-song manner of reading, which he retains; and these things excited the grins of the schoolboys; but, more intelligibly to them, he was a lover of natural history, and carried in his pocket strange and evil-smelling animals of considerable interest.

I first saw him in 1885, when he was twenty, and wore a dark, slight beard, which helped him to look strange enough He was then contributing poems to the short-lived *Dublin University Review*, the editor of which brought him to see me. He had written then 'The Island of Statues,' and 'Mosada,' which I still think one of his most beautiful achievements. After that introduction, he was my frequent visitor—coming on Sunday afternoons in winter, striding his five Irish miles in the snow, and back again when the moon was up, and the hills stood like ghosts in the silver light. He asked plenty of sympathy for and interest in his poetry, but then he gave and gives much to other people's work, even if it is not very significant. As for his love of poetry, it is so great that he will ask nothing better than to read it

hour after hour, and heaven help his unwilling audience of prosaic, amiable people, unless some one comes by and shuts the book, and replaces it in its shelf.

It was later on in my acquaintance with him that the Irish spirit crept into his poetry. There began at that time a little renaissance of Irish feeling and art. In Dublin a group of young people with artistic beginnings in them foregathered. If the group had a centre it was the noble figure of John O'Leary, the old Fenian leader of 1865, home from his French exile, and well-nigh as much concerned in things of literature as things of nationality. We met at John O'Leary's house weekly, and at each other's more or less often. I saw a good deal of W. B. Yeats at that time outside those reunions, for I was sitting to his father for a portrait, the painting of which was as leisurely as pleasant. He was constantly about the studio, now engaged in the common household tasks of boiling the kettle for tea, or setting the tea-table, or again cross-legged on a dais reading to us 'Chapman's Homer'—which I then learnt for the first time—or something else, it might be of his own.

Often we had visitors in the studio, other painters and poets, and most of them in sympathy. Of those people who foregathered in the latter eighties, one or two are well known in literary circles—Dr. Douglas Hyde and W. B. Yeats are two of them—some are working quietly in Dublin; some are beyond the sea; others again, John O'Leary's noble sister, Ellen, and another exquisite woman, Rose Kavanagh, are gone to God.

In 1888, I believe it was, the Yeats family moved to London; but the young poet had already learnt the most valuable lesson: that to be Irish was his *raison d'être*. Ever since he has been working out his development on these lines. The 'Wanderings of Ossian' was his first fruits. When he was writing that, I was writing 'Diarmiud and Grainne,' both being possessed with the same wholesome desire to be Irish. In 1889 the 'Wanderings of Ossian' was published.

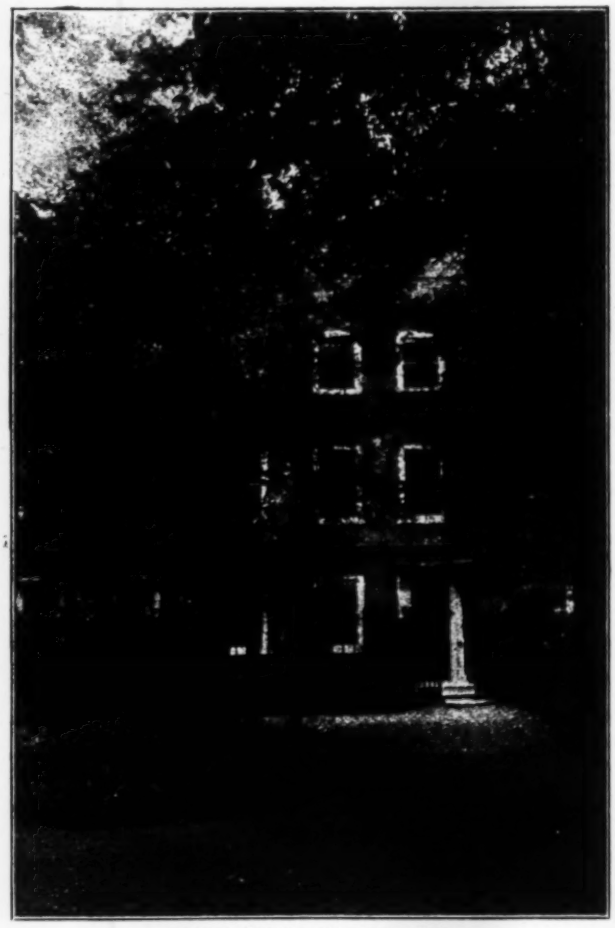
Since then W. B. Yeats has veered between London and Dublin. Fortunately for his art, the best part of him is not content with London life. On the one hand he has a rather surprising appetite for the literary circles; but he passes out of them lonely, and hears in the street, the lapping of waters round Inisfree calling him. He follows the voice, else it were bad for our faith in him who believe in his future. When he is in Ireland he goes from Dublin to Sligo, and back again. Dublin itself is a place to foster dreams. It is surprising how much idealism, even of a crude kind, is to be found there. There are literary societies of passionate earnestness and sincerity, even if they produce but a mediocre achievement. In those grey streets there is the purest patriotism to be found. The common working men are devoted to the lost cause, that the cause of Ireland has ever been, with touching devotion. Any forlorn hope, such as the Fenian rising of 1867, is manned from the Dublin streets. Dublin is full of political clubs, the members of which have no programme to better themselves, but a selfless desire to lift up the mother country, and now and again a selfless devotion to some lonely great man, like the leader who left us nearly two years ago. W. B. Yeats is rather outside practical politics, if these, indeed, be practical, but he delights to meet such people, and stir up their hearts with lectures on dead heroes, or patriots, or poets who have done so much to keep the sacred fire burning. And within a short distance of Dublin is the remote country, the trackless hills, and the sea, little less wild and solitary than Sligo itself.

He is full of literary activity and plans, many of which are sure to be fulfilled, for with all his dreamy temperament he has a gift of energy and perseverance. There is not one of the younger men to whose career one looks with keener hope and faith.

Katharine Tynan.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF HAMPSTEAD.

My object in these papers is to accompany with brief notes illustrations (from photographs expressly taken), of the houses in Hampstead with literary associations attaching to them. I shall, so far as possible, endeavour to add something to the materials existing. These may be found in the well-known work of William Howitt, in the large and miscellaneous book on Hampstead edited by Mr. Baines, and to some extent in the valuable and on the whole wonderfully accurate 'Literary Landmarks of London,' by Mr. Lawrence Hutton. In the majority of cases it will be found, I believe, that no illustrations of the houses are accessible. I shall gratefully welcome suggestions and information from correspondents.



BOLTON HOUSE, WINDMILL HILL.

Bolton House, Windmill Hill.

This house is permanently connected with the fame of Joanna and Agnes Baillie. They came to reside there in 1806. Mr. Hutton somewhat oddly says, "where they

spent the remainder of their uneventful lives, and where at the end of half a century they died." This is but a slip, as Mr. Hutton is aware that Joanna Baillie died in 1851, and that Agnes Baillie survived her ten years, living to the great age of 101. They are buried in the same grave in Hampstead Churchyard, in an altar tomb surrounded by iron railings.

The Baillies came to London in 1791, where they lived with their brother, Dr. Matthew Baillie, at 16, Great Windmill Street, Piccadilly. In 1802, shortly after the appearance of 'Plays of the Passions,' vol. ii., they went with their mother to live at Red Lion Hill, Hampstead, and on her death in 1806 they went to Bolton House. There they were visited by the most famous writers of the day, including Scott, who ranked one of Miss Baillie's tragedies with the work of Shakespeare, and Jeffrey, who describes Joanna in 1842 as "marvellous in health and spirits and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid." In 1812, Crabb Robinson said, "We [Wordsworth and Robinson] met Miss Joanna Baillie, and accompanied her home. She is small in figure, and her gait is mean and shuffling, but her manners are those of a well-bred lady. She has none of the unpleasant airs too common to literary ladies. Her conversation is sensible. . . . Wordsworth said of her with warmth, 'If I had to present to a foreigner any one as a model of an English gentlewoman, it would be Joanna Baillie.'"

In two articles in the *North British*, which, so far as I know, have not been mentioned by biographers of Joanna Baillie, there are some fresh and charming glimpses of the poetess and her home. The papers are "Three Women of Letters," June, 1865, and "The Late John Richardson," December, 1864. The former was written by a lady, whose death was a real loss to literature—Miss Merivale, sister of Dean Merivale; the latter is attributed to Lord Moncrieff. Miss Merivale speaks of Bolton House as "one unpretending red brick house of ancient date on the summit of the steep hill which lifts the visitor to the breezy tableland of the heath, and where Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Sotheby, Byron's wife and his daughter 'Ada,' Lord Jeffrey, John Richardson, nay, the Great Magician himself, were frequent guests." In the paper on John Richardson the writer prints a letter from Miss Baillie, dated September 9th, 1827, in which she says, "We have the interest of amusement of Sir Walter's Napoleon, which helps us out wonderfully. I am now reading the sixth volume, and shall be sorry, I believe, when I finish the ninth—even I, who am no reader at all, and could pass my life without books nearly as well as any country woman on the moors of Drumclog." Richardson, who was a man of accomplishments and a warm friend of Scott, took after his marriage a furnished house at Hampstead, close to Miss Baillie's residence. This was in 1812, and he lived there for twenty years. He tells how he went back to his old home and gazed wistfully over the gate. The occupant came up and asked if he would walk round the garden with him. Richardson did so, and after a little, said, "'That (pointing to a bush) is from the garden of the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope' at Sydenham; that sweet-william is from the garden of Miss Joanna Baillie, your neighbour.' He seemed agreeably excited. I then pointed out some beautiful Scotch roses from Lord Meadowbank, but when I said, 'This rose is from the garden of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford,' he was quite overpowered." We read in Richardson's diary of many well-known people who dined with him at Hampstead, including Miss Edgeworth and Barry Cornwall, who were together at a New Year's party. "When most of the guests were gone, I was seated beside Miss Edgeworth in the drawing-room, and I asked her how she liked Barry Cornwall? 'Barry Cornwall!' she said. 'I never saw Barry Cornwall.' 'Yes,' I said; 'you sat beside him at dinner to-day.' 'And was that Barry Cornwall?' she said; 'and may I be split into seventy-nine pieces, if I did not take him for a dull lawyer.'"

Joanna Baillie had the society of Hampstead of her day, of which I shall have occasion to write further on. Lucy Aikin, her neighbour, writing in 1883, says, "Of local society you may have much, little, or none, as you please; and with a little which is very good you may associate on the easiest terms; then the summer brings an influx of Londoners, who are often genteel and agreeable people, and pleasingly vary the scene. Such is Hampstead." On which Miss Merivale comments, "Such *was* Hampstead; but the giant spread of population and building has worked a significant change within the limits of a generation. The heath, the groves, the fields, the gardens of Hampstead; its quaint red brick mansions of Stuart or Nassau date, its later brown and yellow edifices of Hanoverian respectability, its still more modern stone or plaster villas with their well-kept lawns and dainty flower beds; the variety of hill and valley, the broad breezy terrace, the outlook to the vast city and St. Paul's dome rising mysteriously through its everlasting smoke on the one side, and to Harrow-on-the-Hill with its conspicuous steeple on the other; these, though not untouched by mutability's 'cruel sport,' may still in their general features remain as in the days when Miss Aikin tried to tempt Dr. Channing to its heights. But where is the free village life? where are the retired haunts? and above all where are the familiar gatherings equal in variety or in intellectual quality to those which certain Hampstead homes could muster five and thirty years ago?"

Netley Cottage.

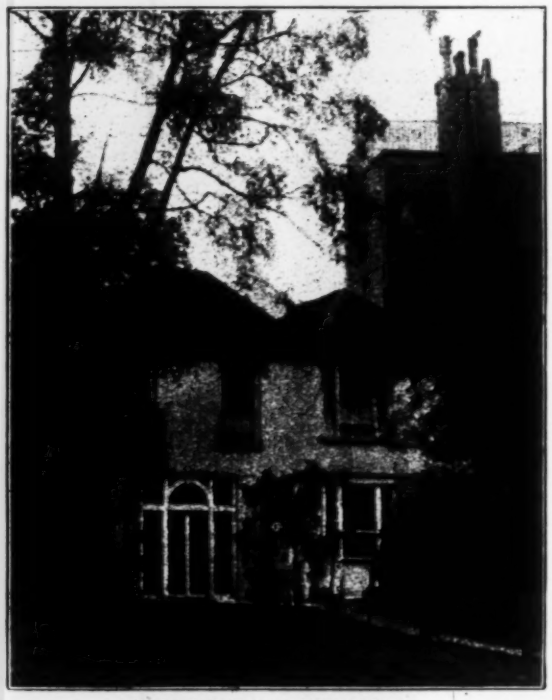
In Netley Cottage, which is beautifully situated at the summit of Frognal, and near the Heath, the father of the present Lord Chief Justice of England lodged for a time. Lord Coleridge courteously informs me that it must be at least sixty-four or sixty-five years ago. His Lordship was then quite a little boy, and all he remembers is that the next neighbour was Dr. Roget, a very eminent man of science of that day, and the author of one of the Bridgewater treatises.

A more recent and the most interesting association of the place to many is that there Dr. C. E. Appleton, the founder and first editor of the *Academy*, made his home, and had as guests many of the most brilliant men of letters of the time—Robert Louis Stevenson, whose contributions to the *Academy* should be reprinted, was an occasional guest, and Dr. Appleton's hospitality was freely extended even to beginners in literature. In the memoir of Dr. Appleton, his brother says:—

"After living for a short time in London, Dr. Appleton took up his quarters at Netley Cottage, Hampstead, the pretty, artistic home where it was his pride and pleasure to

bring together gradually the goodly collection of books, engravings, china, old furniture, etc., which formed, as it were, the setting of his busy life. Many of those who read these pages will, I am sure, have very pleasant memories of this hospitable retreat."

Among those who were frequent and welcome visitors during that period was William Minto, afterwards Professor Minto, whose very premature death was so greatly deplored. In his clever novel, 'The Crack of Doom,' originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Minto (as he himself informed me) had Appleton's cottage in his mind when he described Raspian's "bachelor residence in the suburbs." "It was an old-fashioned house of commodious but plain construction, built with its face to the south, near the top of the northern slope, just where the ascent began to slacken and bend over gently, exposing the soil to the full force of the southern sun. As you sat in the verandah, which ran along the front, there was a soft green acclivity before you, over which you saw nothing but the sky; from the bedroom windows of the second storey you looked over into the terraced garden sloping quickly down. In spring and summer mornings the birds piped and twittered in fullest chorus from the thick growth of trees and bushes in the garden. . . . The rising tide of social show and comfort had made the house too small for a well-to-do family; the advancing waves of the



NETLEY COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD.

town had long since overtaken and surrounded it; but it was still large enough for a comfortable bachelor—and once within its high garden walls you had as complete a sense of seclusion as if you had been in the depths of the New Forest."

FROGNAL END.

This house, built in 1892, is the residence of Mr. Walter Besant, the celebrated novelist.

WILLIAM COWPER'S COPY OF ROBERT BURNS' POEMS: 1787.

DR. GROSART, in drawing the attention of the readers of THE BOOKMAN to Burns and Cowper, has done a real service to the admirers (and they are an increasing number) of both poets. On this account it is all the more to be regretted that the paper, which is characterised by that easy diction which the doctor has taught his readers to expect of him, is not also marked by the knowledge of Burns that it displays of Cowper. But, courteous though the paper undoubtedly is to both poets, it somehow tilts against the grain. That Cowper's copy, with red and blue pencil markings, of the London edition of Burns's poems carries the bookplate of the poet's uncle—William Cowper—clerk of parliaments, and not that of William Cowper, poet, some time clerk of the journals of the House of Lords, is but a small matter. The mistake was easy, and breaks no bones. But why exaggerate the qualities of the third, or London edition, over the earlier Edinburgh edition? Six copies—surely sufficient to enable one to make a correct generalization—are now before us, and we have no hesitation in confirming the received opinion that the Edinburgh book, for which the portrait was engraved, is preferable to the other. Nor was the plate re-engraved till it was required for the two-volume edition of 1793.

But why whine over the scantiness of Burns's resources when no such scant existed? Let us for ever be done with all apologetic cant as to the library of Burns. His library was ample for his purpose, as his art, taking into account the literary horizon of his period, shows. Peter Hill was handy and kind to Burns in the matter of book collecting. Mr. Hill hunted the evening sales in Edinburgh auction-rooms for the books wanted by the poet, who, like most authors, had (in addition to loans) many books given to him by friends, with the result that it would take to-day more (certainly not less) than £200 to replace in

perfect state the books known as having belonged to Burns at the time of his death. From this estimate is excluded the five (then existing) editions of the poet's own works.

So much for the library of Burns. A word as to his knowledge of Cowper, which, according to Dr. Grosart, was *nil*. With such statements before him, one is tempted to ask, Is Burns becoming obsolete? and are the outstanding facts of his life of no importance to "present-day" authors? Not long since I had (in reference to the proposed Burns Exhibition in Glasgow to commemorate the Centenary of the poet's death) a letter from Mr. Grant Allen, in which he says that he knows Burns only as a name; and from the venerable St. Andrews divine—A.K.H.B.—I had another, to the effect that should Dr. Boyd happen to be in Glasgow when the exhibition of the Burns relics was open, he would not think it worthy of visit.

The question of the relation of Burns to the litterateurs of the day is a large one—too large for our present purpose—but one who like Dr. Grosart has so confidently ventured on the ground should (at least) have made sure of the road. According to Dr. Grosart, Burns was entirely ignorant of the existence of his contemporary—Cowper. "I am not aware," says the learned doctor, "that Cowper's name occurs in the correspondence of Burns. The first and early editions of his successive volumes were expensive, and the Scot's resources limited. This perhaps explains how it came about that no knowledge of the 'Task' is shown by Burns."

What are the facts? Burns himself, in a "Christmas Morning" letter to Mrs. Dunlop, published in the first Currie—1800—says, "Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? Is not the 'Task' a glorious poem? The religion of the 'Task,' bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature: the religion that exalts, that ennobles man."

Allan Cunningham informs us that Cowper's 'Task' was the pocket-companion of Burns; and that when he had on occasion to wait till he could conveniently "gauge the broust," he would take to reading the poem. In the letter to Mrs. Dunlop (already quoted) Burns says, "I would not give a farthing for any book, unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms." It is to be regretted that Mrs. Dunlop's copy of the 'Task,' with Burns's jottings, which was restored to her after the poet's death, was afterwards destroyed by fire. It is also worthy of note that when the end came, Burns's own copy of the 'Task' remained in the family. But apart from such evidence, it is anything but complimentary to Burns to suppose that he would be ignorant of the existence of a book of the importance of the 'Task,' which was published three years before the London edition of his own poems, which Cowper took so much trouble to understand, and which he says "quite ramfeezled" one of his friends.

A more important question—and one on which I am not inclined to dogmatise—is the authorship of the red and blue pencil marks on the Cowper-Burns. Cowper died in 1800, and the late Mr. Elias Wolffe (founder of the firm of Wolffe and Sons, the celebrated pencil makers), claimed to have invented the coloured pencil. If this be so, and I have no doubt it is so, red and blue pencils, which formed part of the Creta Leevis, came first into use about thirty years after Cowper's death. The probability is that there is some mistake as to the authorship of the pencil markings, on which we have been treated to an eloquently idle homily. I cannot (on the evidence produced) believe that a sensitive and delicate hand, such as Cowper's was, would have disfigured a beautiful book like unto the London Burns, with inartistic strokes, barren of all meaning.

W. Craibe Angus.

II.

By the courtesy of several correspondents I find that the book-plate reproduced in my paper in last Bookman belonged to a William Cowper, uncle of the poet, who was "Clerk of the Parliaments," as the book-plate bears. I must confess that I had forgotten this earlier William Cowper if ever I knew of him, and hence naturally, inevitably assigned the book-plate to the poet. I was aware, of course, that the unhappy poet had never really entered on the duties of the office to which he had been appointed, and I think instituted; but I assumed that the book-plate had been prepared in anticipation, and before the cloud of insanity darkened down upon him. I further as naturally and inevitably assumed that "Clerk of the Parliaments" designated more accurately "Clerk of the Journals," and that on his recovery the poet utilised the book-plate. That he did so utilise it is certain; for in my copy of his Thucydides (described in my paper) not only is the identically same book-plate on the front board of vols. i. and ii. (in one), but on the fly-leaf the poet has written in his well-known form,

Wm Cowper
Nov: 21. 1768

Seeing that the uncle William Cowper of the book-plate died in 1740, it is clear that his Thucydides had somehow come into possession of the poet. Further, in his copy of Vaughan's little book, as in his copy of Burns, the uncle's book-plate (as it turns out) is found. The uncle, dead in 1740, could not have so placed it in the Burns of 1787. It is noticeable also that the red pencil and blue pencil-markings of the poet are common to the Burns, the Vaughan, and the Thucydides and others known.

That the poet besides books that had belonged to his uncle also came into possession of impressions (at least) of his book-plate, is further verified, in that it continued to appear in his books up to 1790. It is not found (I believe) after that year. But why? The explanation is a simple one, viz., that in 1790 he had procured a book-plate of his own, which I have repeatedly met with, and which (I am informed) was reproduced in the *Ex Libris* Journal so recently as July, 1893.

I must add, that whatever may be the secret of this book-plate of his uncle appearing in many of the poet's books (with dated autograph *ut supra*), there is not the shadow of a doubt that the Burns and Vaughan belonged to *the* William Cowper. These, together with a copy of John Newton's 'Messiah' (2 vols.), containing a long page-full gift inscription to his wife in his own handwriting, I was made a present of more than thirty years ago by a dear old lady-friend of our family who knew the poet and John Newton, and had received directly from Mrs. Newton these books and other relics. They never had been out of her possession, as they never have been out of mine. Hence the markings in Burns and Vaughan (and in Thucydides) are precious memorials of our great sacred poet of the eighteenth century.

I am indebted to W. Bolton, Esq., Addiscombe, for the following note, which shows that I had overlooked Burns's possession of Cowper's Poems:—

"On a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, written Dec'. 25 Xmas, 1795, Allan Cunningham annotates:—Burns carried Cowper's Poems in his pocket, and read it in a lonely room or in a brew-house while he waited to gauge. Mrs. Dunlop lent him her copy, and he enriched the margin with notes, criticisms, and annotations. The book was destroyed by fire with the Dunlop library."

This is extremely welcome. May there be resurrection of the precious book!

A. B. Grosart.

TWO THACKERAY DRAWINGS.

The two drawings by Thackeray which are here reproduced for the first time, by the kind permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder, have an interesting history. They were given by

Thackeray to Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of 'Omar Khayam,' and by Edward Fitzgerald to the late Archdeacon Groome, whose daughter now owns them.

NEW BOOKS.

CATRIONA.*

What is the world saying about 'Catriona'? Does that confident critic and his still more confident wife pronounce it the very crown and climax of the author's work? I sincerely hope not, because in fear and trembling I am going to confess that it has disappointed me. The fact is clear enough, but the reason why is less plain. To begin with, I read 'Catriona' in hours of deep depression, with plumbers at play in the house craftily elaborating, in spite of my protests, fresh work for plumbers yet to come; and a mind jaundiced by the contemplation of the perpetual apostolic succession of Evil involved in this mystery of plumbing is hardly responsive to Mr. Stevenson's subtle accents. It was like reading 'Paradise Lost' at a Penny Theatre, or the 'Lotus-eaters' in a railway accident. This may sound trivial, but it is after all justice. There are books which will not bear reading at any time or any place you please. Possibly lying on the crisp turf with the Bass Rock in sight, I had been enchanted with 'Catriona.' How many critics of how many books have doubtless experienced the same misgiving; but after all the only safe course is to record one's actual impression, albeit tinged with leaden grey, rather than speculate upon the rosy impression of an ideal mood.

'Catriona' is a sequel—word of darkest omen. In English literature there are about three or four successful sequels, though at this moment I cannot precisely lay my finger on them. The others are all failures. And though at the end of 'Kidnapped' I fancy the author foreshadowed this new work, 'Catriona' is distinctly a sequel, and not a continuation. The two works would not bind together at all nicely in one volume. 'Kidnapped' was a delightful tale, which came quite naturally to a delightful end. David was a fine, brave boy, and on taking leave of him when he got back his patrimonial rights, we felt that after his trials the poor lad deserved a few years' rest. The author, however, at once starts him off on fresh wanderings similar, but less interesting, than the former, involves him in various not very pertinent complications connected with James Stewart's trial, and presents him in the character of a highly conscientious lover. Is not this a mistake? David Ba'four has become to many English readers a familiar figure, and that figure is essentially that of a boy—a grave, manly, growing Scotch lad. Likely enough he developed into the young "Mr. Balfour of the Shaws" here portrayed for us, but we do not care to connect the two figures. Catriona's lover should have been a Sandy Murray or a Robin Graham—in fact, a new friend altogether. To speak the truth, poor David goes off sadly at an early age. He grows up a very good young man and a very Scotch young man. Probably the national traits are subtly studied, and his ethical doubts and struggles, though sometimes a little modern, present some interesting problems. His morals are irreproachable even to self-righteousness. Yet, though it is not expressly stated, there is little doubt that he was all the time growing plump, putting on a goodly weight of firm, white, lairdly flesh, and with it a highly respectable, lethargic opacity of soul. He goes through his new adventures and trials in a responsible, business-like way without turning a hair, much like the tame lions hunted round the cage. After his imprisonment on the Bass Rock he escapes to Holland, where it must be owned he is quite in his proper element. His love experiences are either very tedious, or, as is more probable, I fail to gather the subtle intentions of the author in the complicated *ambages* and misunderstandings of the intrigue. In the first chapter David falls in love with Catriona, a worthy granddaughter of the original Rob Roy. In this lovely termagant, who, as our American sisters would say, is ready "to fight her weight in wild cats," and is

* 'Catriona.' A Sequel to 'Kidnapped.' By R. L. Stevenson. (Cassell and Co.)

nevertheless the soul of high feeling and infantile innocence, I hesitate to believe. She has fine points certainly, and in some scenes she lives and breathes naturally enough. Her sudden repudiation of her traditional cult, the usual self-regarding father-worship, is perfectly natural, however surprising. But we cannot forgive her for lending herself to the transparent misunderstandings and reticences, which, alas, form the main thread of the later chapters. These are simply the old, old story, the familiar armoury of a hundred lady-novelists. David becomes as insufferable as the typical love-lorn Major or secretive Curate in his insane attempts to hide his love and bully the poor girl in the character of adopted elder brother. Strip off the romantic varnish and David's love story is the one so rigidly universal in fiction, so mercifully rare in real life. Another familiar character is Miss Grant, the Lord Advocate's daughter, though taken from an older school of novelists. She is the gay, sprightly, witty young lady of the eighteenth century. Whether these appalling Amazons, whereof the naughty Miss Howe was queen, ever existed out of books we may harbour a pious doubt. Society must have groaned under such malignant pests—their undeniable beauty, their moral rectitude, their stupendous conceit and narrow-mindedness, their sprightly impertinence and impudence, their vulgar pleasantry, and above all their incessant, unsleeping activity in mischief-making. At all events they once swarmed in books, though now their odious race is almost extinct. Miss Grant, therefore, nasty creature as she is, may be commended as a legitimate revival; she completes the picture of the period, as the ideal to which the witty young Scotch gentlewoman was supposed to aspire, though we trust it was never attained. Alan Breck reappears in the story, acceptably enough of course, and some incidents add a few additional touches to his character. The disreputable scion of Rob Roy is grimly painted; in him we see that ghastly reverse of the glittering medal of Celtic patriotism which Scott too blandly ignored.

There is in the book one source of delight of which the Southerner cannot avail himself—the topographical nomenclature. Mr. Stevenson evidently shares with his fellow North-Angles their pleasure in the mere repetition of local names. The book abounds in them. To us this is a relative defect. Most of them are to the unprejudiced eye painfully ugly in print, though free from the aggressive defiance of Welsh spelling. In sound they are far from Italian, and their derivation and meaning too often suggest a *mesquin* provincialism. But the North-Angle loves them—how far the Celtic Highlander shares this feeling I do not know—and this affection is respectable, for it is connected with his ingrained territorial instincts. To him a list of Scotch railway stations and village post offices is quite as good as a novel. Hence it is likely enough that 'Catriona' will find most favour north of the Tweed, where David's itinerary can not only be traced but its innumerable halting-places and landmarks pronounced with loving cacophony.

There too the memory of '45 is not yet dead, and the too oft told tale will bear another telling. Yet after all the intrigues which led up to the trial of James Stewart form but a poor sequel to the stirring action of the Rebellion. Nor has the author used them very effectively. The trial in which after all David did not appear as a witness forms an anti-climax, after which the story starts again with the Dutch scenes. Throughout there seems to me much less than the author's usual carefulness both of construction and detail. Some anachronisms of thought and expression, if not of incident and manners, strain our loyalty at times, not painfully but perceptibly. And further, there is much less than his usual enthusiasm in his work. The author seems a little tired of David, and half inclined to agree with me that the Laird of the Shaws would have been much more interesting if he had gone to the bad. As for Catriona, either he does not take kindly to her, or else his conception of her is one which required a larger canvas. The general effect is mechanical, disjointed, and familiar in spite of the romantic adventures and brisk incidents. Viewed as a whole the book is emphatically—and one may as well add, fatally—a sequel. All the same, if it were by another hand, and if 'Kidnapped' had never been written, we should say that 'Catriona' was a remarkable, an interesting, and a most readable story. And of course we should then single out for admiring comment the many beautiful pictures of scenery, the many dramatic touches of character, and the abounding felicities of expression which in Mr. Stevenson's pages we are used to accept as our due. In 'Catriona,' let us add, he appeals primarily to his fellow-tribesmen; it cannot therefore be compared to his 'Isle of Voices,' an exquisite work of art of cosmopolitan and œcumenical interest.

Y. Y.

OLD GAELIC LOVE SONGS.

Dr. Hyde's volume of translations, 'Love Songs of Connacht' (T. Fisher Unwin), is one of those rare books in which art and life are so completely blended that praise or blame become well nigh impossible. It is so entirely a fragment of the life of Ireland in the past that if we praise it we but praise Him who made man and woman, love and fear, and if we blame it we but waste our breath upon the Eternal Adversary who has marred all with incompleteness and imperfection. The men and women who made these love songs were hardly in any sense conscious artists, but merely people very desperately in love, who put their hopes and fears into simple and musical words, or went over and over for their own pleasure the deeds of kindness or the good looks of their sweethearts One girl praises her lover, who is a tailor, because he tells her such pretty lies, and because he cuts his cloth as prettily as he tells them, and another cannot forget that hers promised her shoes with high heels. Nor is any little incident too slight to be recorded if only it be connected in some way with the sorrow or the hope of the singer. One poor girl remembers how she tossed upon her bed of rushes, and threw the rushes about because of the great heat.

These poems are pieced together by a critical account, which is almost as much a fragment of life as are the poems themselves. Dr Hyde wrote it first in Gaelic, of that simple kind which the writers of the poems must have thought, and talked, and then translated poems and prose together, and now we have both English and Gaelic side by side. Sheer hope and fear, joy and sorrow, made the poems, and not any mortal man or woman, and the veritable genius of Ireland dictated the quaint and lovely prose. The book is but the fourth chapter of a great work called "The Songs of Connacht." The preceding chapters are still buried in Irish newspapers. The third chapter was about drinking songs, and the present one begins: "After reading these wild, careless, sporting, airy drinking songs, it is right that a chapter entirely contrary should follow. Not careless and light-hearted alone is the Gaelic nature, there is also beneath the loudest mirth a melancholy spirit, and if they let on (pretend) to be without heed for anything but sport and revelry, there is nothing in it but letting on (pretence). The same man who will to day be dancing, sporting, drinking, and shouting, will be soliloquising by himself to-morrow, heavy and sick and sad in his poor lonely little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost life, the vanity of this world, and the coming of death. There is for you the Gaelic nature, and that person who would think that they are not the same sort of people who made those loud-tongued, sporting, devil-may-care songs that we have been reading in the last chapter, and who made the truly gentle, smooth, fair, loving poems which we will see in this part, is very much astray. The life of the Gael is so pitiable, so dark and sad and sorrowful, and they are so broken, bruised, and beaten down in their own land and country that their talents and ingenuity find no place for themselves, and no way to let themselves out but in excessive, foolish mirth or in keening and lamentation. We shall see in these poems that follow, more grief and trouble, more melancholy and contrition of heart, than of gaiety or hope. But despite that, it is probably the same men, or the same class of men, who composed the poems which follow and the songs which we have read. We shall not prove that, and we shall not try to prove it, but where is the person who knows the Gaeldom of Erin and will say against (or contradict) us in this? They were men who composed many of the songs in the last chapter, but it is women who made many of the love-songs, and melodious and sorrowful they made them," and in like fashion the

critical account flows on, a mountain stream of sweet waters. Here and there is some quaint or potent verse, like a moss-covered stone or jutting angle of rushes. Thus, for instance, lamented some girl long ago: "My heart is as black as a sloe, or as a black coal that would be burnt in a forge, as the sole of a shoe upon white halls, and there is great melancholy over my laugh. My heart is bruised, broken, like ice upon the top of water, as it were a cluster of nuts after their breaking, or a young maiden after her marrying. My love is of the colour of the raspberry on a fine sunny day, of the colour of the darkest heath berries of the mountain; and often has there been a black head upon a bright body. Time it is for me to leave this town. The stone is sharp in it, and the mould is cold; it was in it I got a voice (blame) without riches and a heavy word from the band who backbite. I denounce love; woe is she who gave it to the son of yon woman, who never understood it. My heart in my middle, sure he has left it black, and I do not see him on the street or in any place."

As the mournful sentences accumulate in our ears, we seem to see a heart dissolving away in clouds of sorrow. The whole thing is one of those "thrusts of power" which Flaubert has declared to be beyond the reach of conscious art. Dr. Hyde is wise in giving it to us in prose, and in giving, as he does, prose versions of all the poems, but one would gladly have had a verse version also. He has shown us how well he can write verse by his versions of some of the more elaborate poems, especially of the wonderful "My love, O, she is my love":—

She casts a spell, O, casts a spell,
Which haunts me more than I can tell,
Dearer, because she makes me ill,
Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, O, she my store,
Whose grey eye wounded me so sore,
Who will not place in mine her palm,
Who will not calm me any more.

She is my pet, O, she my pet,
Whom I can never more forget;
Who would not lose by me one moan,
Nor stone upon my cairn set.

She is my roon, O, she my roon,
Who tells me nothing, leaves me soon;
Who would not lose by me one sigh,
Were death and I within one room.

She is my dear, O, she my dear,
Who cares not whether I be here,
Who would not weep when I am dead,
Who makes me shed the silent tear.

This translation, which is in the curious metre of the original, is, without being exactly a good English poem, very much better than the bulk of Walsh's, and beyond all measure better than any of Mangan's in "The Munster Poets."

I have now given examples of Dr. Hyde's critical prose, and of his prose and verse translations, and must leave him to do the rest himself. As for me, I close the book with much sadness. Those poor peasants lived in a beautiful if somewhat inhospitable world, where little had changed since Adam delved and Eve span. Everything was so old that it was steeped in the heart, and every powerful emotion found at once noble types and symbols for its expression. But we—we live in a world of whirling change, where nothing becomes old and sacred, and our powerful emotions, unless we be highly-trained artists, express themselves in vulgar types and symbols. The soul then had but to stretch out its arms to fill them with beauty, but now all manner of heterogeneous ugliness has beset us. A peasant had then but to stand in his own door and think of his sweetheart and of his sorrow, and take from the scene about him and from the common events of his life types and symbols, and behold, if chance was a little kind, he had made a poem to humble generations of the proud. And we—we labour and labour, and spend days over a stanza or a paragraph, and at the end of it have made, likely as not, a mere bundle of phrases. Yet perhaps this very stubborn uncomeliness of life, divorced from hill and field, has made us feel the beauty of these songs in a way the people who made them did not, despite their proverb:

"A tune is more lasting than the song of the birds,
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world."

We stand outside the wall of Eden and hear the trees talking together within, and their talk is sweet in our ears.

W. B. Yeats.

FROM THE FIVE RIVERS.*

It is Indian, not Anglo-Indian, life that is described here, seen through Western eyes, it is true, and translated into Western speech, but retaining that air of strangeness, even of incomprehensibility, which marks all but the garbled and superficial accounts of the East. The reader is impressed with the fact that he is an alien in the land where he wanders while the book is in his hands, that only the outer shell of the things he walks amongst is for his seeing. Perhaps no other book on Indian life written by a European—certainly no other work of fiction—is calculated to impress this strangeness more thoroughly on its readers, to shake the cocksureness of those who talk about Indian affairs over here and of their official critics in India. The effect is produced in a complicated way. Mrs. Steel evidently feels strong sympathy with the native point of view, but she is not a sentimentalist. Her attitude towards many aspects of life, one guesses from these stories, would be a critical one. At all events she has not been taken in by mere words, like "civilization," for instance, and her unconventional point of view has permitted her to look at the native life from the inside and see what is seen by hardly one in a thousand Anglo-Indians. But there is another factor in this impression of strangeness which is conveyed to us. The tales are not unmixed native. There is no chatter of the station, it is true; no society scandals in the hills; but it is India to-day they describe, and the land is seamed all over by the threads of Western influence. The new-world notions and customs have been variously assimilated; they are seen here only through the native medium; but these familiar friends, met in a strange land, serve to throw up the unfamiliar surroundings.

A revelling in physical beauty, in man and woman and nature, is one of the most striking features of these tales and poems. (The poems, by-the-bye, are good, but much less so than the tales, and we have only space here to notice the latter.) The India the writer represents is a place of fascination, none the less beautiful that there are other facts to be counted with—poverty, pestilence, famine, lurking deadly snakes, and cruel traditions. "In a Citron Garden" is a terrible story, but in none of the others is a sense of the fairness of the East so borne in upon us. Here are described the garden and one of its inhabitants—"a vast scented shade, unpruned by greed of gain, where sweet limes, mandarins, shaddocks, and blood-oranges blended flower and fruit and leaf into one all-sufficing shelter from the sun. . . . . A maze of shadowy ways, edged by little runnels of water and bordered by roses and jasmine, with here and there a huge white draecena usurping the path. Day and night the water ran clear and cool, to flood each square in turn, till it showed a shining lake, wherein the roof of fruit and blossom lay reflected as in a mirror. . . . . Naraini, the gardener's granddaughter . . . . stood . . . . beneath a citron tree. One dimpled brown hand held the branch above her, and as she swayed her body to and fro leisurely, the flowers dropped into her stretched veil. She was not unlike a citron-blossom herself. Like them, arrayed boldly in saffron and white." Naraini had been married long ago; now, next day she was to follow her husband home, and the bridegroom had arrived. Wandering about the place he spied a beautiful maiden in the garden. She knew him, but he did not recognise his bride. Out of mischief she fled as he approached, and, fleet of foot, led him a dance through the garden. Angry and admiring, he pursued, but after a minute or two's unavailing chase, "he crept into the thickest undergrowth and waited. Something else waited, not a footfall off." In his despair the bride-

* 'From the Five Rivers.' By Flora Annie Steel. (Heinemann.)

groom is hardly less merciful to Naraini than the snake had been to him. "He forced her down to the dust beside him, where she crouched silent like a young animal terrified into acquiescence. 'Thou shalt see me die—'tis thy fault—thou shalt see me die!' he muttered again and again."

Her efforts at the description of scenery and vegetation are not all equally successful. In "Suttu" the effect is several times missed by a rather ambitious attempt at impressionism, which is elliptical rather than selective. But that she knows in one way or another how to make a picture we see in the very first page, when we read of the man standing alone outside the village. "There was a fresh, damp smell in the air, and close to his feet some lighter shadows surrounded by darker ones showed that the recent rains had been heavy enough to leave fresh pools of water in the hollows whence the village had been dug—hollows like the skeleton at the feast, serving to remind the inhabitants that their origin was dust, their end the grave. Toil and moil flung their refuse into these, as if in derision; the pitiless eastern rain washed the mud from wall and roof back to its birthplace; but year after year the ant-like builders piled more mud over the ruins of the old, until the village, girt by its grave, grew dignified by age, and, gaining renewal from its own mortality, rose higher and higher above the surrounding plain. Such a treeless, formless plain, circled round by that fillet of paler sky where the stars shone dimly, like distant fire-flies. Not a landmark anywhere, save, behind the man, his own village. By day an ant-hill of low huts; in the soft darkness piled like a fort, lightless, soundless."

But the interest of the stories lies in the tragedies and comedies of which these descriptions are only the setting. Comedy is not uppermost, save in "The Blue Monkey," and it is the poorest of all. Humour there is, but grim in kind from living in the neighbourhood of much hardship and bitterness. "Gunesh Chund" is all tragedy. Veru is the sonless wife of a tender husband, whose headship in the village is threatened by the want of an heir, yet who is loathe to listen to the counsels of his mother and banish a wife who pleases him well. Public opinion is, however, too strong for his tenderness at last. Presents are sent, the preliminary to the new marriage; Veru dies with her unborn child, thus winning the power of ill over her survivors; and the evil falls. It is a story full of human interest, and for all its simplicity more striking than the more ambitious "Suttu," which is sometimes wilfully obscure. Less picturesque than the others, but perhaps the best of all, is "At a Girls' School." The scene where Hoshiaribi, the wife of Peru, the ne'er-do-well, in possession of a scholarship of sixteen years' standing, is called away from imbibing the 'ologies to feed her hungry infant, reads like an extravaganza. But the extravaganza is not very gay. And of Hoshiaribi's after career, when her husband took another wife, the less said the better. But Fâtma is the personage of the story, and she is a creation. Yet she is not all strange. We have seen something like this sharp-tongued, devoted, precocious child-mother of other people's children somewhere else, in Whitechapel, perhaps, for poverty, East and West, does not breed altogether different products. Fâtma was not only deputy mother to her brother's and Hoshiaribi's children, but primary schoolmistress as well. In her school the learning was missed out. Her tiny pupils learnt to sit still, and were devoted to her, to the extent of biting her enemy's calf. She was an embroiderer, too, to earn a trifle more for the deserted children, and she cooked a cripple neighbour's meals, besides. It was a full life, for a child. But when marriage stared her in the face it came to her not as a relief, but as doom, and she rebelled as much as any freeborn Western maiden. Rebellion would have been useless, only there are powers in India stronger even than greedy relatives. The cholera settled the matter in its own way. "Chundoo [the new sister-in-law] called Heaven to witness that she had been defrauded of the remuneration justly due to those who possess a marriageable female relation. The rest of the neighbours said it was God's will."

Mrs. Steel's book is a remarkable one. It does not give us the impression that she has finally found her own style. Sometimes she seems to be under influences alien to her genius. But in essentials, at all events, she has imitated no one. Her characters are her own and India's; her point of view is her own. Both mental vigour and artistic endeavour, often fulfilled, have set their marks on the book, and in the union of these lies certain promise. G-Y.

SUFFOLK FOLK-TALES.*

Suffolk has the distinction of having produced by far the best folk-tales hitherto collected in England. They are three only in number—"Cap o' Rushes," "Tom Tit Tot," and "Brother Mike." Originally contributed to a series of "Suffolk Notes and Queries" that I edited sixteen years ago for the *Ipswich Journal*, they are now being republished in illustrated form by the sisters, Miss Fison and Mrs. Thomas, to whom, as children, they were told by an old nurse. The first of them is a version of the "King Lear" story (closely approximating to the Scottish "Rashiecoat" variant), and the second of Grimm's "Rumpelstiltskin," whilst the third is a charming tale of those "Frairies" or "Pharisees" (*i.e. Fairieses*) who still haunted Suffolk well into the nineteenth century. So late as 1822 a whole dozen of them were seen dancing round and round in a meadow near Stowmarket; and Hollingworth, the historian of that town, wrote in 1844 that one of his informants "firmly believes in the existence of the fairies, and wonders how it is that of late years no such things have been seen." That they were sandy-coloured is the distinctive mark of our Suffolk pixies, who otherwise were conventional enough,—small, merry, tidy folk, clad in green, who danced, left changelings, rode horses and cattle, did odd jobs for mortals, and sometimes directly rewarded a benefit. At Onchousa, for example—

"A man was ploughing in a field, when a fairy, quite small and sandy-coloured, came to him and asked him to mend his peel [baking-shovel]; if he did he should have a hot cake. The ploughman soon put a new handle in it, and soon after a smoking hot cake made its appearance in the furrow near him, which he ate with infinite relish."

The fairies have vanished from Suffolk these fifty years; but a good deal still lingers of the darker superstitions. So recently as 1890 an inquest was held at Fressingfield upon an infant, supposed to have been bewitched by its step-grandmother, who died a few hours before the child, and stated that it would not long survive her. The child was taken out in a perambulator, from which the father presently saw smoke issue, and she died upon reaching home, the mother stating that "it was hot and dry, and smelt of brimstone." George Corlyn, the husband of the step-grandmother, "said he was of opinion his late wife had the powers of a witch, and he always tried to do what she wanted in consequence." What a relief the death of such a wife must have been to him!

Suffolk should, it is plain, be a happy hunting-ground for the folk-lorist; and Lady Camilla has proved herself a diligent and fortunate collector. Her collections are arranged under twenty such headings as "animal (misprinted *ancient* in the contents) omens," "birth customs," "harvest customs," "nursery rhymes," "proverbs," "well-worship," and "witchcraft"; and she has restricted herself largely, though not entirely, to printed authorities—Forby, Major Moor, Edward FitzGerald, the *Suffolk Garland*, the *East Anglian*, etc. Without any such restriction she might, I incline to think, have produced an even more valuable work. That *all* the scattered passages relating to Suffolk folk-lore should be brought together, were certainly convenient; unluckily, by no means all are here. There is not a hint of Dr. Jessopp's old gipsy witch-wife, who, sixty years since, was buried at Troston, near Ixworth, and who used to travel East Anglia with a sparrow that told her secrets. (Animals revealing secrets to mortals is one of Mr. Lang's chief notes of "Savagery.") On the other hand, there are two pages devoted to "Margery Jourdains, the witch of Eye," who had probably no connection whatever

* 'Brother Mike: An Old Suffolk Fairy Tale.' By Lois A. Fison. (Jarrold and Sons.)

'County Folk-lore: Suffolk.' Collected and edited by Lady Camilla Gurdon. (Folk-lore Society, D. Nutt.)

with the Suffolk town of that name, for Holinshed, Shakspeare's source, calls her "a witch of Eye *beside Westminster*." There is no reference to an article, "Witchcraft in East Anglia," that appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for 9th August, 1890, and none to another, of great length and interest, that was contributed by a medical man to the *East Anglian* for 27th December, 1892. It bore the title of "Our Suffolk Speech," but is also full of curious folk-lore, collected at first hand. Here are two samples—

"One day a woman consulted me about her breathing, and finding she had a goitre, I enquired how long it had been there. 'Why,' said she, 'I ha' that iver since I wus tarned eighteen. Father, he fared in a wonnerful way about it, and he said he didn't mind what he paad if so be anything 'ud dew it good. The owd doctor he tried a lot o' things, but that weren't the lissest mite o' use. And do yeou know what did it good at last?' So I confessed my ignorance, and she went on: 'Why, that wus a dead man's hand.' I thought it was the popular name for some herb, such as ladies' fingers, so asked her what she meant. 'Why,' she replied, 'I mean what I saa, the touch of a dead man's hand. There wus a young man died up our way, lived along o' the mill, and so that wus all sattled. I was to goo up and lay his hand on my neck, but when that come to the time I cou'n't fare to goo alone, so I took somebody along o' me. If I could ha' gone alone, that 'ud ha' cured it hully, but as that wus that wusted it wonnerful. Ah! yeou may larf, Mr. G., but s'true as yeou're alive, that wusted hully surprisin', that 't did.'"

"The following story will illustrate another superstition, the belief in a sort of scape-goat for our ailments. One day I went to see a boy who was ill with inflammation of the lungs. After examining him, I said I thought he was better. 'Why, so he ought to be,' said his mother, 'he ha' nussed the cat.' So I said I was very glad to hear he had done so, but inquired what benefit he was likely to gain from so doing. 'What, hain't yeou niver heard,' said the mother, 'that a cat's a wonnerful good thing when yeou have anything wrong with yer lungs. I remember a sort o' years ago when I lived the tother side o' Bury, my little Lizzie laa wonnerful bad with the whooping-cough; she cou'n't fare to sleep nohow, but laa and dullered all night. The doctor he cum and he saa he cou'n't dew nawthin' more for her; but I'd h'ard a cat was a wonnerful good thing for that complaint. I hadn't got one o' my own, but sune as the doctor were gone I went and borrowed one from my owd neighbour next door, and, dew yeou know, the chid that laa and that snugged the cat all daa, and next day when the doctor cum he saa, "Why there! I think yer little one's a trifle bitter to-day," he saa, and arter that she nussed the cat ivry daa, and then she began kinder to pock up. But, dew yeou know, that poor owd cat that cotched the complaint, and that limped about corfing hully stamming. There was a man come out o' the Sheeres cum to my house one daa, and he h'ard that a-corfing, and he saa to me, "Missus," says he, "that cat ha' got the whooping-corf," and so 't had; and that poor owd thing that went about corfing till that go waker and waker, and at last ta died. My little Lizzie hully lost it, and got kinder middlin'. I fared wonnerful sorry poor owd Mrs. Smith shou'd lose har cat, but that fared a sight better than I shou'd lose my little gal.'"

There is an immense deal more in that article that Lady Camilla Gurdon might have utilised, but I must content myself with quoting from it three Suffolk proverbs: "The stillest hogs eat most grain," "The blaring cow forgets her calf soonest," and "The world ha' got such a wide mouth." For I want to reserve myself some little space for pointing out what seems to me a defect in this volume on Suffolk folklore. Its chapter on "Legends, Spectral, etc.," is four times at least too short. There is the face that grows out of the wall of a bedroom of Monewden Rectory, the face of an old woman who hanged herself there in last century. There is the dripping ghost of Rushbrooke Hall, a lady's, says tradition, whom her husband flung into the moat. There is the ghost at Helmingham Hall of the Duchess of Lauderdale, that is said to have appeared to the late Lord Tollemache. And there is the Unknown Horror in the chamber of Parham Hall that has been locked up beyond man's memory. These—and there must be many more ghosts in Suffolk—are here not mentioned; as neither here nor elsewhere is there mention of the "Dreaming Tower" at Framlingham Castle, of "Blood Hall," near Debenham, of the "Strange Case of the Bealings Bells," or of "Lily's Pool" at Livermere, this last-named, not from water-lilies, but "from a witch with the unwitchlike name of Lily, who was swum on it some time last century. No, the work is a good one, but might have been very much better—which is by no means true of all books. For many are bad and might have been better; and many, again, are so bad they could not be conceivably worse.

Francis Hindes Groome.

WHITTIER.*

When a book is made up of passages mainly within quotation marks, it is doubtful whether it was worth sending to press at all. The compilation may be justified if the quotations be from works that are inaccessible or costly, but Mr. Underwood's and Mr. Sloane Kennedy's biographies are neither one nor the other; and the criticisms of Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Stedman, and Mr. Wasson, which together make up no inconsiderable part of the book, are only sometimes of value. The juxtaposition of the names of Whittier and W. J. Linton suggested something a little incongruous, perhaps, but only the more interesting. Both democrats, both lovers of liberty, and, in their several ways, of art, yet differing widely in temperament, we naturally look for light or novelty when one gives an account of the other. At the end of Mr. Linton's little book there is at least one thing to congratulate him on—his candour. An inferior man would not have quoted his only sometimes interesting authorities; he would have paraphrased them, and called the facts and criticism his own, but in the frankest way Mr. Linton has acknowledged every debt. It is an unblushing bit of bookmaking, but it may have its uses for all that. Mr. Underwood's biography was authoritative, and Mr. Linton has taken his facts from there. The quotations from the poems are numerous, lengthy, and on the whole representative of Whittier's best verse. The book may well serve the popular needs of those who, knowing something of his poetry, wish to know more of his noble life, or of those who, familiar with the part he played in the emancipation struggle, are curious as to how a reformer wrote verse. But in point of actual value, it is hardly on the level of the other volumes in what has been, on the whole, an excellent series of popular biographies.

The bibliography at the end is not complete; a cursory glance reveals at least two editions omitted from the list of complete works, and a modest monograph on the poet in the Friends' Biographical Series need not have been omitted from the Appendix of Biography; though we are far from suggesting that these are serious deficiencies.

Had more of the criticism been Mr. Linton's, we feel sure it would have been, perhaps less pretentious, certainly more vigorous and to the point. Where, however, he is speaking with his own tongue, he touches on one exceedingly interesting point—on the poet in politics. The poet is never in the ordinary sense of the word a politician, but at that stage of great national movements when as yet the heroic and the imaginative impulses have not given way before the necessities of compromise, the hearts of poets are drawn out into the real world. On the lower slopes of poetry two names occur to us among many, who, being truly endowed with the gift of song, have made it their first duty to sing for a cause they loved, Whittier for the negroes in America, Thomas Davis for his own people in Ireland. They may not unfitly be compared, for Whittier said he "set a higher value on his name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book," and his emancipation songs were those on which he prided himself most, while Davis deliberately resolved to be a poet, because he knew poetry was the best means of rousing a sense of nationality among his countrymen. The resolve drew out of him what he had been unaware of. So he wrote not only poems directly patriotic, but love-songs, legends, ballads. And the wonder is that they are poetry. They are more spirited, more musical, more pointed than

* 'The Life of John Greenleaf Whittier.' By W. J. Linton. "Great Writers." (W. Scott.)

Whittier's emancipation poems. Then he died, and he never had the chance of knowing whether the lamp that was lit would have remained burning when its early purpose was frustrated. Whittier had written verse, it is true, before the emancipation call had come to him, but there is no doubt that the struggle girded him with strength, and nerved his gentle soul. Then he lived in the quiet times after, and wrote his best. The question is, did the temporary purpose delay and hinder his genius? Mr. Linton thinks not: "I would say that Whittier lost nothing of the magical power of poetry by his first service in the ranks of patriotism, though that service had been even more of the grudged years of Leah before the heart-gift for Rachel." It is no unimportant point, since generous zeal for humanity and the poetic impulse go often hand in hand. The truth seems to be that Whittier's occasional commonplace dulness was not bred by his unfastidious audience of philanthropists. He suffered, like many others of his countrymen, from the want of a critical literary atmosphere. Apart from his hymns for the cause in which were his heart and faith, had things been better ordered for him, his works would have been compressed into little space; but they would have contained a gem like "The Red River Voyageur" (unmentioned here), a few of his New England ballads, "Telling the Bees," and "Snowbound," which has more of the stuff of true poetry in it than any other poem that has yet been written in America.

THE TWO LANCROFTS.*

Mr. Keary's first book, 'A Mariage de Convenance,' was remarkable, not only as an attempt in the rare epistolary form, but as a powerful if somewhat morbid analysis of a character and its ruin. The present work will, it is to be feared, prove a disappointment to those who hoped that Mr. Keary would advance on his first performance. It is the story of two cousins, Willy and Hope Lancroft, and it is, in one sense at least, an artistic novel; for Hope Lancroft, who is a successful black and white artist, brings Willy over to stay with him in Paris, and provides for him till he can provide for himself by literature. So there are many episodes and characters drawn from the art-student world in a highly realistic manner, and much criticism of the methods and aims of modern French art, with, of course, an equal amount of literary talk and literary society which centres round Willy Lancroft. He is the principal figure in a melancholy book, which traces first the death of his young enthusiasms and then his desertion of the ideals which he had set before him in his art and in his life. Mr. Keary has again depicted the break up of a character. But the cleverest sketch in the novel is the figure of Thyrza Lemoine, an actress with whom Hope Lancroft is in love, but who falls in love with Willy, and consoles him for his rejection by Ela Featherstone, a well-born and imposing vacuum, peopled by him with attractive qualities. It is characteristic of Mr. Keary's point of view that he makes Thyrza consummate Willy's literary ruin by inducing him to write with her assistance a popular and successful play; he has no high opinion of the modern stage. The description of the process of rehearsal, however, is one of many pieces, so to say, of extrinsic interest which this book contains, and for the sake of which many people will read it with pleasure. Mr. Keary is nothing if not up to date; he works according to the newest methods, recognises the newest masters, and describes the newest phases of life and art. What he has to say in criticism of all these things is well worth hearing, for it bears all the marks of being thought and felt at first hand. But to a person with old-fashioned ideas of story-telling it will probably appear that Mr. Keary overloads his story with descriptions and dissertations. Descriptions, even when they are so distinctly drawn as that of the London bank to which Willy is at first condemned, ought to make a small proportion, not the bulk of a book; and character reveals itself better in action than in conversation; nor is it a wise thing to make your hero deliver a lecture upon literature. What is best in Mr. Keary—pathos, and a certain turn of thought peculiar rather than novel—shows more in the fine sonnet of the last chapter than elsewhere in this book. S. L. Gwynn.

* 'The Two Lancrofts.' By C. F. Keary. (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.)

JAMES SMETHAM.*

'The Literary Works of James Smetham'—essays on Reynolds, Blake, Gerhard Dow, and Alexander Smith, and some poems—are considerably less interesting than was James Smetham himself. His letters already published revealed a singularly sympathetic mind, hospitably open to the influences of art and literature and all other humanizing forces; revealed it at intimate and friendly moments, too. A mind like his is best interpreted in conversation or correspondence, for then its very weaknesses may take a picturesque and loveable form. But though he is more comfortable when off parade, Smetham was no ordinary critic, and the editor's judicious selection of articles deserves a welcome. Readers of the letters may miss the unguarded charm, but they may also be surprised that this amiable and sympathetic lover of the arts could write so vigorous, so balanced a piece of criticism as the essay on Reynolds.

He treats the subject from a painter's point of view, though not technically. He does not discourse unduly on pigments, but he dates his remarks from the studio. The essay is a picturesque one, and is perhaps the best summary of Reynolds' career, the most intelligent estimate of his work that exists; it is interesting, too, because of all English artists Reynolds is the most interesting to most persons. There are popular favourites of a year and a day, but Reynolds is a very satisfactory national possession. There is nothing occult about him, and the ordinary person without art or learning feels he can talk of him, and he does it too, ignorantly perhaps, but without the authorities being shocked. He is like Walter Scott, the favourite of the multitude, and not of the *élite*. For this very reason another essay may seem superfluous. But it would be a pity to evade this particular one if it comes in your way, for it is homage of a most intelligent kind, besides evidence of Smetham's claim to be looked on as a critic of eminence and insight. The mixture of great artist and amateur in Reynolds, of ardent devotion to his profession and calculating worldly ambition, of man of genius and man of the world, was never more nicely analysed. His gradual rise out of the "dumb deadness" of his student work is intelligibly traced by reference to accessible pictures; his progress and charges all along till the time of the 'Tragic Muse.'

Smetham, too, is a good showman in Reynolds' full and stirring gallery of fine ladies, children, scholars, artists, cherubs, actors, sailors, statesmen, all the stately life of England and the fancies of the artist's brain, depicted with a grace that has nothing finnicking in it, but which was a token of strength, and of his "intense sense of life" that revealed his sitters to another age, that "broke in among the preposterous costumes of his time," and made the men and women themselves stand out. The faulty craftsman is visible enough to unskilled eyes in Reynolds' gallery, but Smetham's distinction between him and painters like Lawrence is right. "Lawrence knew too much for his general powers. Reynolds' general powers always exceeded his knowledge." Haydon was probably wrong in the exaltation of his "glorious gemmy surface," but at least it is an interesting criticism based on the phrase, and one fraught with suggestion as to success and effect in other arts, that some of Reynolds' delightfulness is "owing to the reflex influence of his want of facility," the want of facility that made him paint ten pictures under The Infant Hercules, that piled the coat on coat of rough pigments beneath his best pictures, the light final touch not altogether hiding "the sparkle of the buried wealth beneath."

The essay on Dow is slighter. The painter who spent three days over a broom handle was not a great inspiring master to the critic. But he was a type of the artist whom Smetham respected, who, in his own words,

> "Stamps beauty and eternity
> On nought or next to nothing,"

and the subject gives him a chance of a thrust against sectarianism in art.

The Blake essay is better known. It was reprinted in part and added to Gilchrist and Rossetti's Life. A

* 'The Literary Works of James Smetham.' Edited by William Davies. (Macmillan.)

generous estimate of Blake as poet and artist, it is less necessary and helpful now when so many new critics and enthusiasts have said their say, and spoken with more intimate knowledge. But at least the tone of it is modest as becomes one who called Blake "a stumbling-block to all pretenders, to all conventional learnedness, to all merely technical excellence." It contains the fantistic idea, in which friendship mingles with artistic enthusiasm, of the memorial to Blake in the "far removed quiet vale," the grey stone building of one chamber divided into niches, in each of the niches one of Blake's grand designs, executed by "men like G. F. Watts and D. G. Rossetti, and Madox Brown and Burne Jones, and W. B. Scott." The statue was to be by Woolner. Only those who could pass a Blake examination were to enter the gates, shut against all "who would be likely to laugh at the queer little figures up in the air, which are the symbols of heavenly realities." In face of the newer Blake criticism the essay may seem rather puerile, for Smetham did not understand and did not try very hard to fathom Blake's mysticism. He dismissed the visions "not scornfully, though it may be, sorrowfully," as "ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." He did not believe that to that unknown tongue there was any possible grammar or dictionary.

In spite of one or two sententiously misleading assertions like "colour is to drawing what music is to rhythmic words," and some useless conjecture as to whether or not Reynolds went to church, the essays are of sound and lasting interest. The editor has printed all his poems in this volume. Few of them are remarkable. One of the best, "The Single Wish," has already appeared in the BOOKMAN. The thoughtful gentleness of his verse is well represented in "The Rest," which tells of the labourer's toil, morning, noon, and eve. Then it invites him to the rest he has earned.

"Cross the lengthening shadows
Of the peaceful fir-groves,
Cross the quiet churchyard,
Where the mossy hillocks,
With their folded daisies
And their sleepy lambkins,
All say 'Requiescat.'
Lay thee down beside them,
Till the bells chime to thee,
Simple bells that tell thee,
'Rest thee, rest thee, rest thee,'
Till they bring thee rest."

G-Y.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THREE LETTERS AND AN ESSAY. By John Ruskin, 1836-1841. Found in his Tutor's Desk. (George Allen.)
SELECTIONS FROM RUSKIN. First Series. (George Allen.)
" " " Second " "

"This little book is published, with permission, for the benefit of Malling Abbey, and the preservation of its ancient buildings." So runs the introductory note to these juvenile utterances of a great man. Even for so worthy an object as the preservation of the ancient buildings of Malling it is doubtful whether it was wise to bring them out of their obscurity. The essay at least should have been left in his tutor's desk. It is the composition of a boy at a rather disagreeable and not particularly interesting stage. The letters, also written to his tutor, the Rev. Thomas Dale, should have been handed to Ruskin's biographer. They are the sort of material a biographer can hardly have too much of, but which it is injudicious to publish by itself. Dating from a time when young Ruskin's thoughts were hesitatingly turning now towards and now away from the Church as a profession, and also reflecting his earliest impressions of Italy, they are, in fact, of very considerable interest. "The doubt is," he writes in 1841, "under what responsibility those individuals who have leisure lie for its employment, and how those who have it in their power to choose their employment are to be regulated in their choice. They have two questions to ask: 'What means are there by which the salvation of souls can be attained?' and 'How are we to choose among them?' For instance, does the pursuit of any art or science, for the mere sake of the resultant beauty or knowledge, tend to forward this end? Is it a time to be spelling of letters, or touching of strings, counting stars, or crystallising dewdrops, while the earth is failing under our feet, and our fellows are departing every instant into eternal pain?" The standpoint was to change, but the earnestness was hardly to grow deeper than it reveals itself in these early letters. Yet in spite of their interest their proper place was in Mr. Ruskin's biography.

The two volumes of selections are in every way satisfactory. A complete Ruskin library is for the few, but these volumes, with their admirably arranged and truly representative selections, their portraits, their excellent binding and type, may be for the very many, if the very many choose.

NAPOLEON, WARRIOR AND RULER, AND THE MILITARY SUPREMACY OF REVOLUTIONARY FRANCE. By A. O'Connor Morris. Heroes of the Nations. (Putnams.)

In English a good popular biography of Napoleon has long been a distinct want. It must have occurred to many that the time had come when a clear summary of the facts of his career might be joined to a calm judicial survey of his character, genius, and motives, but the book that was wanted did not appear. The Napoleon literature is now an enormous mass, extremely difficult to sift, and so conflicting in its evidence as on some points to be the despair of conscientious biographers. But little use has been made in England of the attempts of his adopted countrymen to get at the truth—calm and impartial attempts some of them, of recent years since his name has lost its power and danger. To the mass of English people he is still a cross between an Olympian god and a nursery bogey. The complexity of the man's character, the quality of his brain, his ambitions in anything like their true colours, have never yet entered into the popular conception. Mr. O'Connor Morris is the first to make a serious effort to fill the gap; and he has succeeded. At the end of all he says, Napoleon is still a great enigma, but at least the outer man is set forth vividly, his more superficial motives and aims are clearly stated and described. The biographer has drawn on all the principal sources of information, using them with accuracy and discretion and a sense of proportion. His narrative of the Napoleonic wars is succinct and vivid, and to this part of the book—and here lies the book's chief purpose—historical students will find it often convenient to turn for easily found information. The estimate of Napoleon's character—only a minor design—is sane and shows a fine sense of justice. Mr. Morris has evidently no temptation to be dazzled overmuch by the brilliancy of the hero, or to extenuate what can never be extenuated, but he has known how to qualify and to give his own reading to some of the harsh and even malicious exaggerations of his vices that have been revealed by the recent publication of contemporary memoirs. He writes well, and it is a book he has written and not a mere compilation he has drawn up. One of the most interesting features of the volume is the large number of Napoleon portraits. The maps, too, are good; and, indeed, in every way the book deserves to take its place as the standard popular authority on its subject.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. With Lord Braybrooke's Notes. Edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. In 8 vols. Vol. 2. (Bell.)

Most book-lovers have favourite editions of Pepys, and no new edition can supersede these in their affections. But then an extra edition of Pepys—there might be one opposite every lounging chair—cannot be a superfluity, and this one is a necessity for every library. Not all lovers of Pepys know that they have till now been defrauded of nearly one-fifth of his delightful prattle. Mr. Wheatley has restored nearly the whole of the fifth. Lord Braybrooke's notes are here, but they have been edited and added to, and the additions are of real importance to those who read Pepys seriously. Mr. Wheatley is a most intelligent as well as industrious editor, and his edition in eight volumes is bound to stand on the shelves of every library worthy the name. The publishers, printers, and engravers have also done their part well. It is a good specimen of the Chiswick Press work, while the portraits in the Pepys collection, reproduced by Walker and Boutall, are in themselves a feature of value and interest.

BALDUR. A Lyrical Drama. By H. Orsmond Anderton. (Unwin.)

Not being in Mr. Anderton's confidence, we are not absolutely sure of the meaning of the introductory note where he says that, "owing to the peculiar character of this opera, performance can only be looked for under exceptional conditions." One of these conditions may be the discovery of a composer who will accept this version of the 'Baldur' myth. He might do worse. It is a very unequal performance, and it falls at times lamentably below its best. But the writer has not vulgarized the beautiful theme; his conception of the story is a poetical one; there are passages of real beauty in the drama which, to the lay mind at least, have the look of being composed with a knowledge of musical requirements. It is indeed "an incomplete work," as he says, no matter in what sense the words be used; but many deficiencies are redeemed by the spirited song of the Asi, and by Thor's ride to the House of Hela, to bring back Baldur

"The house of men outworn,
The garth with never a gateway,
And never a waking horn,"

and by the description of the watch for his return, Odin and Friga bidding Heimdal look out on the starry night, and urging his eyes to quickness till he says,

"Away in the doubtful land where life still lies
Entranced in slumber, glimmers on my sight
A spark that moves, and leaps, and grows more bright;
From helm and hauberk streams the glory pale,
Flashes in rings from all his shining mail,
Comes like a shooting star, a living light.

Odin and Friga. Far-seer! Tell us of the doom unknown,
Bears Sleipnr riders twain?
Heimdal. One rides alone.
Semi-chorus. Dark are the ways of fate!"

We wish Mr. Anderton may not be worsted by adverse circumstances. But to deserve success he should omit one passage that reflects on his taste and judgment. Though the passage is only a direction as to scenery, its suggestion of the vision of Prometheus and of the Cross has the vice of staginess in its most aggravated form.

FROM WISDOM COURT. By H. S. Merriman and S. G. Tallentyre. (Heinemann.)

"To all who judge mirth reprehensive,
Holding that men talk only sense if
They rant and preach:
There may be wisdom in a smile."

So say the two friendly collaborators who date their homilies from Wisdom Court. They are merry parsons, and they preach for week-day mornings. The world is an amusing place to them, delightfully full of the weaknesses that make "copy," and that need not call out ill-nature. Whether it be On Heart, or On Meals, or On Matrimony, or On the Postcard, they are ready with a little timely fooling. Perhaps one of the most seasonable of the homilies is that On Societies; the innocent mania that prevents anyone nowadays from reforming himself except under a vow and enrolment. These two friends are sceptical about societies. They say, "*We* have managed to form companionships with numbers of perfectly model young men without paying a society two-and-sixpence a year (exclusive of fines)." "'The Serious Reading' wanted two-and-sixpence per annum for allowing us to peruse Locke 'On the Human Understanding' for four hours daily, so we sent it five shillings to go away." Of the other homilies our favourites are that On the Postcard (really practical) and on Unselfishness. The latter contains the ennobling picture of the man who on his deathbed "wanted to see the undertaker himself, in order to save others the pain of making certain necessary arrangements." Mr. Courboin has illustrated the 'Wisdom' charmingly, and the collaborators have found an appropriate motto for their trifling: "Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd"

PARTHIA. By Professor George Rawlinson. The Story of the Nations. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Professor Rawlinson has written a plain narrative of a people who once, indeed, held a great position in the world, but who have left no very distinct mark on the memory and imagination of posterity. It is a complicated task to show how a nation of apparently such moderate vitality and vigour should have held their own, and more than their own for so long. Yet "they occupied the position of the second nation in the world from about B.C. 150 to A.D. 226. They were a check and a counterpoise to Rome, preserving a balance of power, and preventing the absorption of all other nations into the Tyrant Empire." The truth of this statement is undeniable, but the reasons that led to their rise are obscure enough. The subject is so difficult a one, the materials for the study of Ancient Parthia so scanty, that it is little wonder the historian fails to draw away our interest from the fate and fortunes of the more attractive and cultured nations held in the yoke of Parthia to the fate and fortunes of Parthia itself. The exceedingly heavy, dry, and unrelieved style in which the book is written does not tend to attract to the subject those that are not, for special reasons, already interested. In the difficult question, however, of seeking for the causes of the Parthians' downfall, as obscure as those of their upheaval, Professor Rawlinson shows much judgment, and his statements are evidently the result of much research. The book will be found worth consulting by students of numismatics: in the art of making beautiful coins the Parthians were especially skilled.

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. From Ancient and Modern, English and Foreign Sources. Selected and Compiled by the Rev. James Wood. 7s. 6d. (Warne.)

The compiler was right in thinking there was room for another dictionary of quotations, and especially for one drawn from more widely scattered sources than have previously been dipped into for this purpose. The thirty thousand phrases, mottos, maxims, proverbs, sayings of wise men, etc., are an interesting as well as a numerous collection. There is certainly no exclusiveness about them. On one page we note sayings from Shakespeare, James Martineau, Cowley, W. R. Alger, Keats, Bronson Alcott, Milton, Professor Blackie, Tennyson, Pope, Hazlitt, J. M. Barrie, Jean Paul, Amiel, and Walter C. Smith. In fact, the quotations are a great deal too numerous and too little exclusive. To say that there are omissions is useless criticism, for, of course, such compilations are only contributions to the impossibly complete one that is never compiled. Certainly it is not a book easy of reference. The arrangement is not topical, but alphabetic, and the editor defends his plan. But if I wanted to recall a verse of Corneille, for instance, "À raconter ses maux souvent on les soulage," it would probably not occur to me to look under "À." It is mentioned in the index, certainly, under "Misfortunes," but I had an unbecoming sense of my own ingenuity in finding it there. Many of the quotations beginning with insignificant words are not entered in the index at all. Clearly it is meant that the book should be read or dipped into, on the chance of finding good things. It is hardly a dictionary. The editor is very candid about its defects; he thinks it was not worth the labour and the expense that would have been involved, except in the case of Shakespeare, to give the chapter and verse of the quotations. But a smaller collection where this trouble had been taken would have been more useful. However, we can do more than congratulate the editor on his industry, patience, and good intention. Regarded merely as a book of brief extracts, this vast collection of familiar and unfamiliar sayings on subjects of human interest is both curious and interesting.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S. By F. Anstey. Illustrated by Bernard Partridge. (Longmans.)

Mr. Anstey has done nothing so good as 'The Man from Blankley's' since he wrote 'Vice-versa.' The little comedietta is full of delightful absurdity, which is yet kept within reasonable limits; its complications all rise naturally out of the situation, and the plot is well kept together. Middle-class snobbery and caddishness have always been Mr.

Anstey's butt, but he has seldom hit the mark so well as when he lets you overhear the nervous hostess schooling Lord Strathspooran not to play the part of invited guest with quite so much coolness and independence, and suggesting that a little restraint in the matter of wine, for instance, is expected from "the man from Blankley's." Perhaps the spot of weakness lies in the prattle of Mr. Anstey's inevitable little girl, who makes not quite so successful an appearance as usual. But the amusement never flags, and now that we have read it we would gladly see it on the boards. Many of the "Voces Populi," however, in the volume show a falling off. Mr. Anstey's imagination has hardly been enough at work. "Art in the City," for instance, is dull and flat, and there is reckless exaggeration in "The Other Side of the Canvas." One of the best is "At a Vegetarian Restaurant." Amid the clatter of spoons, you overhear the enthusiasm of the diners, their nervous anxiety lest the dishes should not do their best on the day the believers have brought possible recruits to the faith, and Louise saying admiringly to her *fiancé*—who has his meals here habitually, and has just been helped to an indescribable mass of something—"I'm so glad I've seen you lunch. Now I shall be able to fancy every day exactly what you are having." Mr. Partridge, as an illustrator, is, of course, everything that could be desired. He hardly ever goes wrong.

Illustrated Edition of THE LITILE MINISTER. (Cassell.)

To this popular edition of Mr. Barrie's story Mr. Hole, R.S.A., has supplied the illustrations. There are nine of them. The artist has again shown himself a sympathetic interpreter of the life of Thrums, though he has hardly given it the poetic rendering he did in his illustrations to the earlier book. The picture of the riot, however, with Gavin gesticulating and endeavouring to calm the mob from the town-house stair, is very striking, and the portraits of the precentor, the Glen Quharity post, Waster Lunny and Elspeth on their homeward road from church, discussing the little minister, are full of humour and character.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA, and other Tales of Sicilian Peasant Life. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by Alma Strettell. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

Verga is one of the most individual of living writers of fiction. The two or three stories of his that have already appeared in English have established his reputation here, and the association of the present title with Signor Mascagni's art was not needed to win for this collection a welcome. These are earlier tales than "The House by the Medlar Tree" and "Don Gesualdo," but they are in the same vein, morally just as resolute, daring, and unashamed of realities, if written with a less steady hand. The life he writes of is rich for his purposes. The sun is hot in Sicily, and so are the passions of the men and women. Their speech is ready, and so are their knives. There is colour in their words and in their devotions, as there is in the sea about them and the sky over their heads. There is no monotony in the tales; the phases of feeling they reveal are varied enough. "Cavalleria Rusticana" is a rustic tale of mortal jealousy; "Malpelo" is the life of an outcast boy, paying back with hate and malice the misery that has been heaped upon him, yet cherishing all the time one love in his heart; "War between Saints" is a grimly humorous tale of the rivalry between the devotees of San Rocco and San Pasquale. "That year the devotees of San Rocco had spent their last penny to do things in grand style; the band had come from the town, more than two thousand *mortaretti* had been fired off, and there was even a new banner, all embroidered with gold, that weighed over a hundredweight, it was said, and looked like 'a golden foam' when it was held up amongst the crowd. Of course, all this could not but touch the people of San Pasquale to the quick, so much so that at last one of them lost patience, and began shouting, as pale as death, 'Long live San Pasquale!' Then the blows began. For to go and say 'Long live San Pasquale' to the very face of San Rocco in person, is no more nor less than a provocation—as though some one should spit at your house, or amuse yourself with pinching the woman you have on your arm. In such a case you fear neither heaven nor hell, and cast under foot such respect as you have for the rest of the saints as well, for, after all, they are all related amongst themselves." The most striking, certainly the most touching, is "Nedda." It is a common enough tale of rustic poverty, heroism, and temptation, and then suffering for all the rest of life; but by touches of true poetry it is raised out of the region of the sordid. The life of the hired hands for the olive-picking on the farm of Pino makes a picture one does not forget. Neither does Nedda slip out of our memory as she walks home with the few pence she has earned to her dying mother. "'Shall I go with you?' asked the young shepherd, in a joking tone. 'I go with God and the Virgin,' answered the poor child, simply; and she turned, with bowed head, into the path across the meadows. The sun had long been set, and the shadows were rapidly climbing to the mountain's top. Nedda walked quickly along, and as the darkness deepened she began to sing, like a little frightened bird. At every step or two she looked behind her in alarm, and each time that a stone, dislodged by the recent rain, rolled off a wall, or that a sudden gust of wind sprinkled her with a hail of raindrops shaken from the wet leaves overhead, she would stop, trembling like a kid that has strayed from the herd." Passages such as these come as a relief to tales of relentless poverty, and they are the more needed that Verga's pictures of human misery affect you in the living way that human misery itself does when you have no irritating, commentating companion to say, "Dear me! How sad!" Verga never pulls your sleeve; he places the misery only too plainly before seeing eyes. These stories do not show him at his full powers, but they serve better than his longer stories to introduce him to foreign readers.

A TRYING PATIENT, and other Stories. By James Payn.

Mr. Payn is always readable. This new volume of stories is perhaps a little thin, and is made up of very simple material, but then he does not often try to make very imposing things out of his material; he knows it is not fitted to bear much strain of emotion or passion. Mr. Payn writes excellently well for half-hours and warm weather. "The Prince" is indeed a ghastly story, but the others are soothing antidotes, and make you forget the horror. The best of all is the one that is very little of a story, "A Novelist's Dilemma," which relates the desperate efforts of a bookless, sleepless traveller to possess himself of a volume of printed matter, his felonious success, the pertinacity of the owner to get the volume back, and the discovery of the bookless one that the crime has been all in vain by which he had secured the volume, for—he had written it himself. The collection, by way of variety, contains a story for boys and one for children.

THE SCALLYWAG. By Grant Allen. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

A "Scallywag," according to a man who was pounced on for a definition offhand, "is the sort of man, you know, you wouldn't like to be seen walking down Piccadilly with." The fortunes of so doubtful a person make a good basis for a novel by Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. Allen, by-the-bye, is pretty widely read, but is he taken quite seriously enough? His stories are worth some examination, as far below the surface as they will admit of. His stock-in-trade is at least twenty times more varied than the ordinary novel-writer whom he does not surpass. With the exception of the heights and depths of fashion and poverty, he has the whole of modern life open before him. He breathes in the midst of things; his ears and his glances are quick. He cherishes opinions and sympathies and interests which would cause the complacent readers of his fiction to stare in horrified wonder, and which, one thinks, might secure him another kind of audience than the one he has, more admiring if less popular. With all this he writes for the Philistines, with only a sly dig now and again at their dearest prejudices. Doubtless he thinks, certainly others think, he does so as a good investment. To make his readers hobnob with baronets, to ferret out a fortune and a peerage for a virtuous hero, to make young persons fall in love most opportunely, are devices that always come in handy to please a large and easily satisfied class of readers. But by reason of a certain overflowing sympathy, his heart, if not his head, is on a level with the Philistine ambitions and delights. The present story would certainly have suggested a satire on rank even to a writer of moderate views. There is no satire in the story of Mr. Allen the democrat; there is no indiffer-

ence, not a shadow of contempt, but a kind of grandfatherly smile as he distributes the blessings and the banknotes. Mr. Allen is a Philistine *malgré lui.* This power of tolerating views and ideals of life that are not his own would be a great gift were he an artist, or even a writer who took any pains at all. As it is, it gives to these novels of his a flavour of *bonhomie* and pleasantness. Yet perhaps it is just this ready and varied sympathy that has made Mr. Allen spoil so much good material, and, by the way, talking of such waste, we shouldn't wonder if before long some attempts were made to enact a kind of fiction game laws to prevent the wanton destruction of good motives and plots. His novels are not novels of character, but neither are they romances, for the light of very common day is over them all. Yet if a novel of Mr. Grant Allen's were to survive for a century or two, though it would reveal no essential facts of life and society in our time, it would not be valueless, for a certain superficial tone and accent of the educated middle classes would be nowhere better reflected. However, to speak of 'The Scallywag' not as a relic, but as a present fact—it is fairly readable and very amiable. The probabilities of the fortunes of the hero, who is heir to Sir Emery Gascoyne, fly-driver of Hillborough, Surrey, an estimable, economical, and domestic young man, would hardly take in a baby of average experience. But the world likes to be told that a well-behaved lad becomes Sir Paul and fifteenth baronet, and that a fortune of £60,000 is bequeathed to him by a repentant Jew money-lender who once cherished less worthy designs. One chapter it is possible to read with more than easy tolerance, the one that tells how the sturdy old Sir Emery the cab-driver dies at his post on the box.

THE PASSING OF A MOOD. By V. O. C. S. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

'The Passing of a Mood' is one of about twenty very short sketches, stories, or impressions. There is a strong individuality about all of them, and their cleverness is not merely superficial. The great danger of the impressionist form which the writer has adopted is, on the one hand, that of overweighting the slender framework by a load of meaning. Emptiness and vapidity constitute the danger on the other. The writer has escaped the first, for he—or she—has a light touch and a sense of proportion, but not always the second. There is a certain amount of poor stuff in the volume, which is none the less pretentious that it is in such little compass. Yet the critical reader must bear in mind that the sketches are after all meant to be only the slight expressions of passing moods. V. O. C. S. has distinct power, a very wide range of subjects, and a look out on life, domestic and artistic, that is very knowing. Among the most successful sketches are 'Touched by the Hand of God,' 'A Conversation, I.—not II.' 'The Fortress of Art,' and 'Westwards.' Some others are pleasant and sympathetic. 'The Bierhaus' is strong but ghastly. Others are failures. 'This Way or That?' for instance, and 'Cross Purposes,' which is clumsy and misnamed. 'The World Goes very Well Now" just misses success. The most ambitious, the most complicated, is 'The Passing of a Mood,' a powerful description of how the very sensations that led to the intention of suicide ultimately made the suicide impossible. In spite of some shortcomings it must be owned that the writer, in a difficult kind of work, has been nearly always interesting, unconventional, and light of touch.

LORNA DOONE. By R. D. Blackmore. Popular Edition. With Portrait. (Sampson Low.)

This edition is sure to be popular in every sense of the word. The illustrated papers have not made Mr. Blackmore's face familiar to us, and the portrait here, the first published, which delights because it is so far removed from any literary type of face, is inducement enough to anybody to buy another copy of 'Lorna Doone.' It is still as good a story as when its success astonished the author—nobody else. Seeing how the early editions were exhausted, he wrote, "Few things have surprised me more, and nothing has more pleased me than the great success of this simple tale." He didn't state the whole reason, but certainly a good part of it, when he ascribed its hearty reception to the fact that his story "contains no word, no thought disloyal to its birthright in the fairest county of England."

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

Regulations for Young Author's Page.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* The Bookman. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3 *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. C.—Pretty. It suggests a musical setting. I'm not sure if I understand the last line.

A. C. F.—I don't think the fate of the verses is very astonishing. They are not all bad, but they are rather flat. They don't present a picture of the place, nor do they convey a very clear impression of the atmosphere hanging round it. Nor are your own reflections very interesting. By the bye, are you sure the Priory has "an unwritten past"? There is a weekly newspaper that circulates widely in the country that might give the verses hospitality.

Agnes Gilhagie.—Fair. Not so good as the other. What is the meaning of "obtruse"? Phrases like "for to meet me" suggest want of training. You might offer it to a paper. It would stand a chance of acceptance by an educational or religious journal.

A. T. P.—Good; shows imagination and considerable power. I am not sure, however, if you have made the best use of your stories in stringing them together in this way. An editor might find your manuscript rather shapeless, and wanting in a central point of interest. The style is very creditable. Don't use the kind of contractions that appear on p. 1, line 2, and p. 3. They give a slipshod and unliterary appearance to MSS. And, of course, you must find a better title.

C. B. A.—It is difficult to say how you could use the essay. Revised—there are a great many repetitions, and a good many vague and doubtful statements—it might serve as a contribution to an essay club. Or, shortened, and partly re-written, it might be made into an account of More for young persons.

D. W. T.—The idea is good. You would have to work at the sketch considerably. It rather falls between two stools. Make it frankly funny or serious. The "impressionist" critique begins well enough, but it falls off. The stories are a trifle heavy. An evening paper is the kind of thing to send it to when you are satisfied with it.

Ecu.—The sentiment is evidently heartfelt, but the verse is poor. Scan it all through, and you should be able to detect the mechanical faults of metre. Read it aloud, or have it read to you, to judge of the rhythm.

E. H. T.—The verses are wonderful for your age. I won't say whether they are promising or not. It's much too early to judge. That you will always care much for literature and beautiful things is evident. So far they give promise. In the first, "beneath contempt" is bad, unpoetical, and untrue. "Hell'spont" is not a legitimate contraction. The song is the poorest, and the Fate verses fair, but a little vague.

Ethelon.—Fair. Your thinking is a little loose. "Self-absorbed" is not quite accurate, and indeed you modify it afterwards. The whole of paragraph 2, p. 3, "S. loves nature," etc., is wanting in firmness and sequence of thought. You could write better on the same subject by putting more fact, more definite criticism, more thinking into the essay. If you do that, don't offer it to any of the regular literary journals. It might be good enough for them, but they are deluged with MSS. on the same subject.

Festina Lente.—The first one is very creditable, the second—thinking of it merely as verse—less so. The metre and words are a little wooden, and they are not the kind of metre and words to make a refrain suitable. But the feeling inspiring both is evidently so genuine, and the cause you sing of so good, that poetic and metrical shortcomings are covered. I doubt their being accepted by a general magazine, but there is an organ of the cause for which you write, which might possibly be glad to print them.

Fleming Patrick.—Something might be made of the story, but your version would not do.

G. A. B.—Try anything rather than more of this.

Gax.—There is a flaw in your poem. It is in praise of the three virtues named, and as such has really little to do with the window in question. This may be as much a criticism of the design of the window as of your verses, but possibly the designer had some meaning in placing these emblematic figures beneath the portraits. At least, if you wanted to mention the memorial purpose of the window at all, you should have taken for granted that he had. Then, even in poetry you must pay some regard to probabilities. Would the visitor have listened to the long sermon—remember it would have been in prose, not in your verse—and been satisfied with so little information about the chief interest of the window? And since you have localized the

incident, you should have given the guide's remarks in dialect. The fact is, you weren't thinking of the window or the painters, and, therefore, it would be better to omit all allusion to them, and begin, with a few alterations in the first lines, at the second verse. From there onwards the verse is pretty. Some other time, if the window and its purpose and associations inspire you, it would be a good subject.

HURRY.—The end is better than the beginning, which is cumbered with unimportant detail and trivialities. Trivialities are most interesting things, but also most difficult to write about. Some of the conversation in your second chapter is terribly dull. You might cut out a good deal from the MS., but I don't think this is one of your successful efforts. I think you have made one serious mistake. The point of your story is the girl's contempt or distrust of, or imperfect sympathy with foreigners being overcome. But except that the *Graf* says "Ja wohl" occasionally, he is most un-German.

H. M. H.—This is too immature for any genuine encouragement to be founded on. Except as mere exercise in composition, or in connection with your studies, I would advise you not to think of literature for a good many years to come. "To rule our life so that it may be in unison with contemporary history"—here the meaning or the implied maxim is doubtful. Then one is startled by, "We read the reign of Elizabeth with calm complacency, identifying curselves in every case with England's glory." Whatever "in every case" may mean, get rid of the calm complacency. The attitude is unbecoming. A deduction based on a comparison between good history and "trashy novels" is useless (see p. 5).

J. B.—You have a facility for verse-making. The lines run very smoothly along. The worst of it is that the forward damsel and the upholstery of her dwelling are not very interesting. At least, I think you would find great difficulty in persuading any one to print these verses.

J. B.—This is very inarticulate. Re-written, with care it might do to read aloud. It is evidently meant to be spoken, not read. At the beginning you accept a definition which no one ever gave, and you are hampered all through by it. Your constant allusions to "literature" and "literature proper" are both clumsy and misleading. It would be a good exercise for you to examine the following—there are many other passages still more ambiguous—and see if you know what it means exactly: "The way that literature does good is by contact, association. It directly affects the mind, heart, and imagination of man. Those parts of man are its specific aim. It fills his mind with exalted and practical thought." But then, as you say, "it is really wonderful how imperfectly man often expresses himself, and yet the mind and imagination of his fellows grasp the meaning intended to be conveyed."

JOE.—I think it would be well for you not to encourage your friend to write verses, except "solely for pleasure and without any intention of publishing." Encouragement is not always kind.

J. M. L.—You can construct the plot of a story. This one is told rather lengthily, and the writing is only fair. Now that detective stories are so popular, there is a good chance of this one being accepted.

JONATHAN JOKER.—Of the three, one is very good, the short one. But in the first line "immortal" should be "ceaseless" or "unceasing." And the fourth line halts. No. 1 is poor. "In a strange, weird way" is not a poetical form, and you repeat it. "The lethal harms of a woman's charms" is ugly. Then the poem is not built up solidly. First you talk of the "poison" in her eyes, and the "guile," and your "bleeding heart." Then you mention that she makes you "sigh." Sighing is a poor result. No. 3 is mere doggerel.

KARL.—Not poetry, but the sentiment is popular. A country journal might put it in its verse corner.

K. M.—This kind of verse is generally written as a relief, and literary criticism, unless the verse is published with poetical pretensions, is out of place. However, as it is offered for such criticism, I should say the metre is heavy and faulty, and there is something in verse 2, line 2, that needs correction. Not as poetry, however, but as consolation, it might have its use.

LELLA.—The feeling is probably within you, but your ear wants cultivation. "Co-une" is ugly and unnecessary.

M. G. P.—A pretty fancy. Go on. The verses sound a little artificial, and "paven" is not good, but they are creditable.

RAIMONDE BELL.—Such simple material as yours is the most difficult of all to deal with. It wants supreme art. Try your hand at something with a more substantial theme.

RAY DENE.—The idea is good, and it begins well. But it isn't a success. There is an air of forced fantasy in the dance of the coins and the churchyard scene. Then the spirit proses, more than even Dickens would have made her prose in a similar situation. And it suggests weakness to have to depend on another writer's description (p. 7). For the main fault—that the unreality is not made real to a reader's imagination—I can suggest no cure. But you might let the story take its chance. As to minor faults, there are some bad constructions—p. 3, end of the sentence, "In this wall," and another on p. 6. Do you mean "hard furtiveness" or "furtive hardness" (p. 4)?

R. C.—I don't understand from "gleams—rate." The lady addressed might have the key, but poetry is not a kind of cipher. This is not good in any way.

RICHARD KELLY.—I don't recommend your writing more imitations of this kind. To imitate the form of verse is a useful exercise, and to imitate the sentiments and spirit of a poem may be an admissible, as it is a very common practice. But to borrow the metre as you have done, and the thought, and to expand it just at the point an artist would have left it to the imagination, shows a want of literary tact. Probably you could do better than this if you had no particular poem in your mind. The handling of the metre shows you have an ear worth cultivating.

SOLA.—Brightly and quickly told. You write in a good popular style. Send it to a minor magazine, a woman's one preferably.

T. A.—It is not really a sonnet, except in the number of its lines. And the thought is not striking enough to form a sonnet out of. An average thought or idea has really a hard time of it wrapped in sonnet form, where any poverty or baldness shows so prominently. Perhaps in a freer lyrical measure you would do better. There is a seeming contradiction in lines 8 and 14.

TORPAS.—Good. The modest and very suitable tone of the first one is rather outraged by the first line. Thunders are out of place. The second is pretty. The third shows some skill in elaborate versification.

W. B.—There's no harm in trying again, and, of course, you will. This is hardly a serious enough attempt to be judged by. You might make it better if you thought it worth your while. Verse 2, line 3, for instance, is very lame. And "it's subtle spell" suggests that you are rather untrained.

Z.—The story as you tell it suggests a good many awkward questions turning on its probability. And wasn't it singular that the would-be benefactors were so apt to be indiscreet and untactful in their benevolent deeds? But a good deal might be made of the story, which is pathetic enough. It seems to have been written in a great hurry, and with little attention to form.

HE WOULD BE AN AUTHOR.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG WRITER.

I.

MY DEAR SIR,—When a young man writes to an older one for advice he rarely wants what he asks for. His appeal is not for advice, but sympathy. And when you tell me that you would fain enter on a literary career and that you turn to me for counsel, I know that what you wish for most of all is encouragement to persevere in your intention. If that be forthcoming, the inquirer is generally satisfied, throws his cap in the air, calls the advice excellent, and thinks he will look into it some other day. Counsels that come in the train of discouragement have a still lonelier time of it. Indeed, advice, even when it is asked for, is not a very palatable thing, and young men and women of literary ambitions are not peculiar in liking the far-away rumour of it rather than its sight at close quarters. But the experience on which the advice is founded is less objectionable; it has at least the interest of the personal about it, and in answering your letter or any inquiry of yours in the future, I shall draw on experience, my own, my fellow-editors', and that of the other young writers whom we have found just at the same turning of the road where you are halting now. There are a great many of you kicking your heels impatiently at that corner. Not long ago another literary aspirant, younger than you, and more confident, wrote to me thus: "I shall be eighteen years old in October, and before the year is out I mean to be earning my bread as a writer of fiction." I feel sure the confidence promised success in some career, in fiction or another, though the fulfilment may be over the border of the date named. But my counsels seemed all too slow for such impetuous energy.

You have no practical knowledge of literary pursuits, you say. Now I take the liberty of believing this, though, very naturally, it may express rather more modesty than you feel. You are personally little known to me, but I know your surroundings, and your father has put me in possession of some essential facts about yourself. You are twenty years old, and have had a fair general education. You did not take a specially distinguished rank in the class lists. You have always had a strong interest in literature; indeed, reading has given you more pleasure than anything else. Your schoolmasters had to discourage this desultory study when it seemed to be interfering with your attainment of more exact scholarship, or, latterly, with the acquisition of that practical knowledge meant to be of use to you in the commercial career for which you were destined by your father. You have had some boyish literary successes, of which you now speak slightingly. The essays on 'Napoleon,' on 'The Claims of Modern Languages,' on 'A Comparison between the Jew of Malta and Shylock,' and on 'Some Lesser Elizabethan Poets,' read at the School Literary Society, and afterwards reprinted in the School Magazine, attracted considerable attention in the sixth form, and were adjudged by the masters to be "promising." During your term of editorship this journal reached its highest point, owing to your zeal in making up by prose and verse of your own for unpunctual and defaulting contributors. A descriptive account of a voyage to Norway which appeared in the local newspaper shortly after your return from a holiday in that country was signed with your initials, but the editor showed himself less hospitable to a scathing satire on the burgh elections, which your father considered a vigorous but imprudent composition. If I fill in with some lyrics, an unfinished novel, a few tales in the manner of Poe, and a few others modelled on Mr. Henry James,

now lying in your desk, I may not be far wrong, though here I confess I am drawing on my experiences of other young aspirants and not on my actual knowledge of your case.

Your father, you say, is not very encouraging, though he does not forbid your entertaining the idea of authorship, while your other relatives, on the rare occasions you have alluded to your possible future career, have treated the project in the light of a joke. A friend, an Oxford undergraduate, to whom you confided some manuscripts, has urged you to persevere, and he is the only person, you say, besides myself, in touch with the literary world to whom you can hope to appeal with any hope of your case being carefully considered.

From a few enthusiastic words you let fall in your otherwise guarded and calmly-written letter, I gather that the profession of letters has an altogether irresistible fascination for you. You look on it as a romantic profession, though you are too young to say so. It will impose no hard-and-fast rules on you, no vexing hours, no dry and sordid cares; the whole world will give you material; there will be great, wide prospects, and fine prizes. Cares, too, you admit, but not the cares of a stock-jobber or a linen draper; toil, but not the cramping, soulless labour of a clerk or a banker; discipline, but not the narrowing routine of a government official. Poverty with so fair and free a mate as literature, is preferable to luxury with any other. That is your view, I have no doubt, of the profession of letters. It is as you picture it to the thousandth man.

One other fact I gather from your father's letter and from your own silence on the point. Whatever may be your success in literature, at least you have no desire, ambition, or special talent for any other career. You do not wish to be a solicitor, or a chemist, or a banker, or to grow oranges in Los Angelos. Your father seems to regard this as unusual. But the great mass of even fairly successful men have never had a "call." They make a comfortable income without it. I take it you have so set your heart longing for authorship, that the possibility of being anything else has never been given a serious thought. Other possible careers have not been deliberately rejected. I have known cases where literary pursuits have been followed—never with success, however—solely to escape the definite training which has to be undergone before most other professions are entered. I believe, however, that your choice has been dictated by more satisfactory reasons.

Such being, to the best of my knowledge, your position, I am right, I think, in assuming that you share the ignorance of others of your age and experience with regard to the difficulties and requirements of the profession of letters. I am not here referring to the more serious difficulties, the fierce competition, the uncertainty of reward even for distinguished merit. You would not believe in those things just now, though one from on high were to tell them to you. Fortune would always be above you blessing you with her exceptional smile. Such unbelief has on the whole a happy consequence. But there are other matters in which your ignorance will not be helpful. In the more mechanical parts of the trade some apprenticeship is all but necessary, and it is certain that many early falls and failures and discouragements are due to the neglect of a little knowledge, which talent might not find out for itself, and which would be a helpful accoutrement even to genius. How to knock at editors' and publishers' doors and be admitted—I am supposing the case of a man of talent, of course; how to send in "copy," giving it the best chance of being accepted; how to publish the first novel, are matters where ignorance or carelessness are real hindrances.

But before grappling with any of these points, I must have in my hand some of your best work. And it would be well for you to seriously answer for yourself the question, confiding the answer to me, if possible, What is the end you are aiming at? Is it literature, or making a living by your pen? Both careers may be honourable. They are often quite separate, but they are sometimes combined. And your attitude on this point, your worldly prospects, some indications of your powers of endurance, must be known to any one who would undertake to be your critic and adviser.

When I see the manuscript you are to send me, it is possible I may be able to say whether yours is to be a long enlistment in that light-hearted, disorderly, and very charming band, whom I may call my favourite authors—the Great Unprinted.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bible Stories in Simple Language for Little Children, 2/- and 1/-Warne
EDKIN, J.—The Early Spread of Religious Ideas, 3/- ..... R.T.S.
FRY, J. H.—The Church of England ever a True Branch of the Catholic Church, 2/6.....Skeffington
MEYER, F. B.—Joshua, and the Land of Promise, 2/6..Morgan, Scott
PARKER, J.—The People's Bible, vol. 21, John, 8/- Hodder & Stoughton
PAISLEY, Rev. J.—The Resurrection of the Dead, 3/6 .....Nisbet
PINSON, H.—Book of Reference for the Frauds and Falsities in the Revised Version, 6/-.....Thurgate
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STUART, A. M.—The Path of the Redeemed, Sermons, 3/6 Macniven & Wallace
Variorum Aids to the Bible Student, 8vo, 5/-....Eyre & Spottiswoode
WAKEFIELD, Rev. H. RUSSELL.—Life and Religion ....Elliot Stock
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MAURICE, F. D.—The Doctrine of Sacrifice, 3/6.....Macmillan

FICTION.

ALLEN, GRANT.—The Scallywag, 3 vols, 31/6 .....Chatto & Windus
[*See p.* 26.]
ANSTEY, F.—The Man from Blankleys, and other Sketches, illustrated, 6/-.....Longmans
[*See p.* 25.]
ARMSTRONG, M.—St. Mervyn, 2/- .....R.T.S.
BARRETT, F.—Kitty's Father, 3/6 .....Heinemann
BROOKS, H.—Lord Lynton's Ward, with illustrations by Paul Hardy Jarrold
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PAULL, Mrs. G.—Dorothy Darling, 3/6 .....Griffith & Farran

PAYN, J.—A Trying Patient, 3/6.....Chatto & Windus

[*See p.* 26.]

PRAED, Mrs. CAMPBELL.—December Roses, 1/- ..... Arrowsmith

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STEEL, F. A.—From the Five Rivers, 6/- .....Heinemann

[*See p.* 20]

STEVENSON, R. L.—Catriona, a sequel to 'Kidnapped,' 6/-

[*See p.* 18.] Cassell & Co.

THYNNE, Lady C.—Story of Herbert Archer, and other Tales, 2/6 Hogg

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[*See p.* 26.]

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[*See p.* 25.]

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[*The selection is good, and likely to be popular with intelligent and imaginative children. The notes are poor and superfluous. The book is no rival to the illustrated selection from Wordsworth for children with the frontispiece by Millais, which appeared many years ago, and which we hope is not out of print.*]

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[*See p.* 24.]

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[*The story of the life and labours of an Anglican clergyman in Wales ostensibly told by himself, but evidently 'writ sarkastik' by a Dissenter.*]

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["*The difficulty of getting humorous pieces for recitation which were not already done to death first led me to write my own.*" *So says the writer. There is an ominous sound about original humorous pieces specially meant for recitation. But these are decidedly above the average of their kind, and performers at popular entertainments who crave after novelty have reason to be grateful to Mr. Moore.*]

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[*The selections have been made from the literary works of Bacon rather than from his philosophical writings but the Essays have not been largely drawn on, as they are familiar to all readers. These quotations being from his lesser known works have the more interest. It is an admirable collection, and has a dainty setting in this little volume of the "Elizabethan Library."*]

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1. Fairbairn: Theology. 12s. (Hodder.)
2. Ramsay: Church and the Roman Empire. 12s. (Hodder.)
3. Preachers of the Age Series. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
4. Stevenson's Catriona. 6s. (Cassell.)
5. Petrie's Clews to Holy Writ. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
6. Scott Library. Various vols. 1s. 6d. (Scott.)

Things are looking a little brighter, and another month will see a great revival in trade, as the publishers have been holding back some months.

LONDON, WEST CENTRAL

1. Catriona, by R. L. Stevenson. 6s. (Cassell & Co.)
2. Poets and the Poetry of the Century, edited by A. H. Miles. 4s. (Hutchinson.)
3. Ghetto Tragedies, by I. Zangwill. 1s. net. (McClure.)
4. The Man from Blankley's, etc., by Anstey. 6s. (Longmans.)
5. Where Three Empires Meet, by E. F. Knight. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)
6. History of Civil War, by Gardiner. Vol. 4. 6s. (Longmans.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Bent, J. T.: Ruined Cities of Mashonaland.
2. Knight, E. F.: Where Three Empires Meet.
3. Morris, Mr. Wm: Arts and Crafts Essays.
4. Zangwill, I.: Premier and the Painter.
5. Across France in a Caravan. (Blackwood.)
6. Gardiner, S. R.: History of the Civil War. 4 vols.

MANCHESTER.

1. Zangwill and Cowen: The Premier and the Painter. 6s.
2. " " Ghetto Tragedies. 1s. net.
3. Stevenson, R. L.: Catriona. 6s.
4. Barrie, J. M.: The Little Minister. Illustrated edition. 6s.
5. Fairbairn's Christ and Modern Theology. 12s.
6. Thompson's Lancashire Independent College. Memorial volume. 2s. 6d. net.

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1. Refugees. 6s. (Longmans.)
2. Catriona. 6s. (Cassell.)
3. Kenilworth. 2 vols. Border edition. 12s. (Nimmo.)
4. Burton's Pilgrimage to Mecca. 2 vols. 12s. net.
5. Riviere's My Musical Life. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
6. Dr. Pascal. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

BRADFORD.

1. Catriona. Stevenson. 6s. (Cassell.)
2. Selections from Ruskin. 2 series. 6s. (Allen.)
3. Poets of the Century. Vol. 8. 4s. (Hutchinson.)
4. Homespun. Swan. 1s. (Hutchinson.)
5. Lorna Doone. Blackmore. New edition. 2s. 6d. (Low.)
6. Tools and the Man. Gladden. 4s. (J. Clarke and Co.)

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1. Stevenson's Catriona.
2. Jerome's Novel Notes.
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